THE MEREDITH EAGLE.

VOL. III. | MEREDITH, N. H., MONDAY, AUGUST 28, 1882. | NO. 120.

GRAND JUBILEE CONCERTS.

The citizens of this town and vicinity are to be congratulated upon the rare treat to be afforded them at the visit of the famous Jubilee singers—the Seminary Quartette and La Teche Children, of Louisiana, under the direction of Rev. Dr. and Mrs. W. D. Godman, who are giving concerts in behalf of the Orphans' home and La Teche Seminary of La. Dr. and Mrs. G. are highly cultured and of first class social position, Mrs. G. being sister of Wirt Dexter, Esq., of Chicago, one of the foremost members of the American Bar. They have given their valuable time and services for several years to this great work of the education of the colored race and the establishing and endowment of the above important institutions without any compensation or salary whatever. When those institutions were imperilled they devised the plan of saving them by organizing the band of students from the New Orleans University of which Dr. Godman was president, and having redeemed the institution from debt, they are now making efforts for the erection of a new dormitory for the Seminary in which they have 250 students and might have 500 if they had the requisite accommodations. They also require a library and other essential appurtenances for full equipment of the schools. Let all the people help this grand undertaking. The juvenile element in this troupe, nine children, from six to fifteen years of age, is unique and interesting. They are bright intelligent youths and sing like nightingales; these are combined with an adult quartette of marked ability. In reference to a recent concert given in that city, the Newark, N. J., *Advertiser* says: "Taken all together it is the general opinion of those present, that no concert of the kind so entertaining was ever given in Newark, and that these fresh singers from the far South eclipse all their predecessors."

The Baptist clergyman, of North Conway says: "The concert was first-class in all respects." One gentleman said it was worth a dollar to hear the La Teche Children's one piece in eight different languages.

They will give concerts in this vicinity as follows: At the Pemigewasset House, a grand matinee, Thursday Aug 31, at 3.30 P. M. At the Town Hall, at 8 P. M., same day. At Woodsville Aug. 30; Ashland, Sept 1.; Meredith, Sept. 2.

Secure your reserved seats for the Jubilee Concert at Miss Belle Leighton's.

Meredith Eagle.

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C. H. KIMBALL,

Publisher.

P. O. Address, Plymouth, N. H.

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Second-hand Furniture a specialty, for which I pay cash, or take in exchange for goods or work. The Celebrated

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STOVES, RANGES,

FURNACES,

Tin, Glass, Britannia, Wooden and Hollow Wares, Table Cutlery,

And

Kitchen Furnishing Goods

OF ALL KINDS.

Tin Roofing and Jobbing a Specialty.

Sole Agents for the Celebrated

"NEW HUB"

Stoves and Ranges,

The best in the World.

J. A. MITCHELL,

111 Main St.

eIf LACONIA, N. H.

MEREDITH MATTERS.

Benjamin Bickford is sick and will soon return from the west.

Fred L. Hawkins has recently been here. He is soon going to school in Vermont after which he will study medicine.

Our hosiery mills were lately described at length in some of the Boston papers.

F. W. Elliott, who has recently been here, is to take charge of a large school in Worcester. He was offered the same salary to remain in Littleton, Mass., and was petitioned to do so by all his scholars, but he declined.

Catalogues for the library are being printed and will be sold for 10 cents. The books are let out at two cents per day, but very few take them out compared with the number that do when they are free.

ASHLAND.

A. E. Porter has put up in front of his residence some barb fence.

Wilder & Co. have just received a large cargo of coal.

L. A. Ham and wife are going to Maine to sojourn for a while.

Our Highway surveyor has been working on Main street this week.

Watermelons and peaches at the meat market.

Miss Elmira Foss, of Boston, is visiting at Mrs. Simeon Whittien's.

Pease & Batchelder have put a elephone into their store.

Curtis Smith has moved into Enoch Rogers' house.

Rev. Mr. Shinn, Ashland, will preach in the Town Hall, at 2 P. M. to-morrow.

W. H Graham, wife and daughter, of Boston, are on a visit at Barney Deane's.

Sparks from an engine caught along the the track just below the depot, Tuesday afternoon.

Paul Perkins and George Hodgdon are putting in the foundation for Wilder & Co's new store house.

Ansil Cummings has been camping out, at the Weirs. Charles Pipper took his place in the Market.

Mr. George Watson, wife and children, Fitchburg, Mass., have been visiting her father, Asa W. Drew, for the past week, and they started for their home Wednesday morning.

To lovers of the beautiful in art Messrs. C. I. Hood & Co., of Lowell, Mass., offer four handsome placques of the following description: No. 1., Two beautifully colored "Fly-Catchers," with nest in wild-bush covered with buds and blossoms. No. 2. A nest in which four little, "Chaffinch" are housed. The mother is on the edge of the nest, the father flying to them with food. No. 3. "The Monarch of the Glen." A noble stag, standing up to his knees in furze and heather. No. 4. Girl playing with tea set and two dogs on rug, a most interesting group. The full set of four, all to hang up as house ornaments, and really little gems, sent free by mail to any address on receipt of twenty-five cents, or three on receipt of twenty cents. Address C. I. Hood & Co., proprietors of Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass.—American Cultivator.

We would invite attention to the Family Library Supplement, just issued yb International News Company. The novels are all new, original, and written expressly for Family Library, and London Family Herald Supplement, all interesting and of excellent character. Printed in good, clear, handsome new type, on good quality of heavy, white paper. The Family Library, is published in New York, every Thursday. Retail price 5 cents per number, and each number is complete in itself.

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Cures Dyspepsia, Nervous Affections, General Debility, Fever and Ague, Paralysis, Chronic Diarrhœa, Boils, Dropsy, Humors, Female Complaints, Liver Complaint, Remittent Fever, and all diseases originating in a bad State of the Blood, or accompanied by Debility or a low State of the System.

If you wish to grow Vegetables for Sale, read	GARDENING FOR PROFIT.
If you wish to become a Commercial Florist, read	PRACTICAL FLORICULTURE
If you wish to Garden for Amusement or for Home Use only, read	GARDENING FOR PLEASURE

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WILL CERTAINLY CURE

Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Influenza, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Croup, and every Affection of the Throat, Lungs and Chest, including Consumption. Sold by all Druggists.

TIME FOR ACTION.

While we have entirely disclaimed any wish to assist the republican party in deciding upon a candidate for governor of this state, we cannot well avoid correcting one or two prominent errors which have been unnoticed by Mr Hale's endorsers. It is claimed that he is the candidate urged by Cheshire county. Nothing is further from the truth. We claim to know something of public sentiment in this city and county, and have no hesitation in saying that not more than one requblican in ten in Keene desires Mr. Hale's nomination. The same is true in the several towns in which Mr. Hale is best known, as far as any interest has manifested itself. A few are indifferent, some will not express any opinion but a large majority hope that some other man, better fitted as regards familiarity with public matters, culture andstrai ghtforward business methods, may be the nominee. The idea of Mr. Hale's popularity is a myth. He is not popular, and could not call out the ordinary republican strength of his county. We regret that that is the fact, because we would be glad to see a governor from this county. But it is a fact which can be demonstrated in an hour by conversation with the republicans on the street, in the order you find them. There are more reasons for it than we care to or even can name. To put it in the fewest words, the picture drawn of an "irreproachable citizen, able and high-minded," is not recognized by the republican voters of this section as meaning Mr. Hale. No problem simpler to solve. But, supposing it should be asked, how was it possible for Mr. Hale to secure the local delegates by whose aid only he can secure the nomination, if this is true? In this city his workers manipulated every caucus in the city. In several towns in the county he will have strong opposition But granting his success at the caucuses how about November? There are many republicans in Keene who predict a democratic success in case Mr. Hale heads the republican ticket.

Whether Mr. Hale secures a nomination or does not, it is not our business. The republicans of the county and State are judged by their representatives and properly so. Let them consider the matter squarely and take an interest in it from now until the election. If an improper man gains the highest place in the gift of the State, there is no use in crying, for it might have been prevented by timely action. The one thing to be guarded against is the "fixing" of the preliminaries by interested parties before the masses know what is going on. And yet this is the very thing done, year after year. Will the people never take a hand in deciding who the candidate shall be, instead of contenting themselves with voting for the candidate already made for them by the politiciaus?—Keene Observer.

Frederick Douglass.

We would invite attention to advertisment of the Park Publishing Co., of Hartford, Conn., who have recently issued the Autobiography of Frederick Douglass. Our readers are all more or less acquainted with the history of this man and should make themselves familiar with his book. *The Cleveland Leader (Ohio) says:*

This book will gain instant recognition as one of the healthiest and most important works ever contributed to American literature. It will take its place as a volume indispensable in the complete records of our national history. The life struggle it portrays will be erected as a standard of emulation to the youth and manhood of America, who, with such examples might well doubt the possibility of climbing so high from a condition so low. And scarcely less important to the work and the lesson it has to teach it possesses advantages quite unparalleled for holding interest, and stamping upon all classes of minds its inherent principles of freedom and manhood. The narrative of Douglass's days of slavery and escape from bondage is hardly less interesting than "Uncle Tom's Cabin," while the truths dose nothing in comparason with the fidelality of that work, and it carries its subject through a wide range of accomplishment to a rank sufficiently exalted to win all the admiration. It is needless to speak of the literary style of the book; the accomplishments of the writer are known to all who read. America will be proud of this donation to their literature, and thankful to Mr. Douglass that he has made it himself. jesalt

During the week commencing September 4th, a great Baby show is to be held at Bunnell's Broadway Museum, New York City. A large number of prizes will be awarded. Bunnell's Museum has become one of the features of the metropolis. This enterprising manager has in successful operation museums in the city of Brooklyn, and Brighton Beach near the Marine railway. During the past four years he has virtually controlled all the wonderful living human curiosities. After exhibiting them at his museums, he allows them to become attractions with side shows, or circus concerns. He has lately imported all of the marvelous automatic figures that were awarded the prize at the Paris exposition. The dramatic and variety performances, given at his various places, are always largely attended. For pure pleasure, and chaste amusement, there is no place of entertainment so suitable for the family.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth," is the title of a good Sacred Quartet for male voices, published by Oliver Ditson & Co. It it has a picture title page and costs 50 cents. They also send us a Specimen of their last week's printing of sheet music, the following eight pieces: "Polonaise For small hands," (25 cents) by Oscar Weil; "Lily and Sunflower Polka," picture title, (40 cents), by Christie; "Thou Art Gone Forever" Ballard, (30 cents), by Dobson; "Night has a Thousand Eyes," (30 cents), by Cowen; "Gray Mare's the Better Horse," (40 cents), by Roeckel; "The Fog Bell," (50 cents), by Pontet; "We Parted by the River," for violin (35 cents), by Winner; "Boquelicot Quickstep, (75 cents), by Varney.

"Ditson & Co., will send any of the above pieces for the prices marked, and will do the same thing with any book in their store. Everything in this great music-mill is so nicely organized, that any one in the most remote village, by sending for lists, and then for music, can "shop" in Boston just as easily as if in the next town."

PICTURES.—Some fine steel engravings, chromos, lithographs, etc., framed and unframed for sale low at THIS OFFICE. feb17jestf



Cathartic Pills

Combine the choicest cathartic principles in medicine, in proportions accurately adjusted to secure activity, certainty, and uniformity of effect. They are the result of years of careful study and practical experiment, and are the most effectual remedy yet discovered for diseases caused by derangement of the stomach, liver, and bowels, which require prompt and effectual treatment. AYER'S PILLS are specially applicable to this class of diseases. They act directly on the digestive and assimilative processes, and restore regular healthy action. Their extensive use by physicians in their practice, and by all civilized nations, is one of the many proofs of their value as a safe, sure, and perfectly reliable purgative medicine. Being compounded of the concentrated virtues of purely vegetable substances, they are positively free from calomel or any injurious properties, and can be administered to children with perfect safety.

AYER'S PILLS are an effectual cure for **Constipation or Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Foul Stomach and Breath, Dizziness, Headache, Loss of Memory, Numbness, Biliousness, Jaundice, Rheumatism, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, Dropsy, Tumors, Worms, Neuralgia, Colic, Gripes, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Gout, Piles, Disorders of the Liver,** and all other diseases resulting from a disordered state of the digestive apparatus.

As a Dinner Pill they have no equal.

While gentle in their action, these PILLS are the most thorough and searching cathartic that can be employed, and never give pain unless the bowels are inflamed, and then their influence is healing. They stimulate the appetite and digestive organs; they operate to purify and enrich the blood, and impart renewed health and vigor to the whole system.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,

Practical and Analytical Chemists,

Lowell, Mass.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

We have lately received from Kochendverfer Urre, publishers, 200 Broadway, N. Y. City, a neat little paper covered book, "The Villa Bohemia" by Marie Le Baron. It records the adventures of a party of lively young ladies, who reuted an old mansion, with the understanding that no lovers find access to them, but their efforts proved vain which forms the basis of the many adventures told therein.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF STYLE. By Herbert Spencer. Price 15 cents. No. 34 of the Humbolt Library of Science J. Fitzgerald & Co., Publishers, 30 Lafayette Place, New York.

Bulky volumes have been written how wherein consists correctness of literary style, and to establish the principles on which spoken or written speech depends for its force as an instrument of persuasion or simply as a means of communicating ideas. But the rhetoricians have done very little toward the development of a coherent "philosophy of style," or toward the establishment of a criterion by which the essential character of style may be determined. Herbert Spencer supplies this defect, by applying to the subject the principles and methods that have been found so effectual in natural science. He has in short developed the essential laws of style; and his brief and compendious treatise will be read with pleasure and profit by all.

For sale useal dealers.

ORIENTAL RELIGIONS. By President John Caird. Price 15 cents. J. Fitzgerald & Co, Publishers. 30 Lafayette, Place, New York.

We have in the neatly printed work named and which forms No. 35 of the "Humboldt Library of Science," a series of profound and learned studies upon four of the great historical religions of the word, namely, Brahmanism, Buddhism, Coufucianism and Zoroastrism, or the religion of ancient Persia. These religions, written from a distinctively Christian point everywhere the author's purpose to do full justice to what is good and true in these ancient relig ious systems is manifest. There is no more interesting object of study than of the Faiths of Mankind' For sale at usual places.

The new and charmingly beautiful, as well as wonderfully cheap edition of "Green's Larger History of the English People" which is being published by The Useful Knowledge Publishing Co., New York, is most deservedly finding a place in thousands of home libraries. No history is better worthy of a place in even the smallest library. No historys better worthy of a place in even the smallest library, and though fromely published by the Harper's at $10, is now easily within the reach of any one, the prices being in the several forms from 65 cents, in one volume octave, Utility binding, to $ 2.35 in 5 volume Elzevir edition, half Russia binding It also forms a part of the first volume of the Cyclopedia of History which is shortly to appear. These editions are for sale by enterprising booksellers and club agents and canvassers are wanted by the publishers, to whom are offered very unusual inducements and facilities.

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HUMAN HAIR GOODS.

Largest stock in the State.

Best Goods and Lowest Prices.

Switches of every shade from plain white to jet black, Wigs, Old Ladies Bandeau, Saratoga Waves, Invisible Waves, Phenix Waves, Water Waves, Paris Flirts, Newports, Coquettes, Perfections, Sarah Bernhardts, Butterflies, LaMascotte Scallops, Rats, Puffs, Curls, &c.

Also, hair dressing materials of every description at popular prices.

Prompt and personal attention paid to orders through the mail and otherwise.

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A Larger Stock

—AND—

Greater Variety

—OF—

Useful & Ornamental Articles

Than ever Before at

99 CENT STORE,

Concord, - - N. H.

jan1,'82-1e

CAMPTON.

The ladies' sewing circle met with Mrs. Daniel Sanborn, on Thursday, Aug. 17th at 2 o'clock a. m. to the number of 34. They report a very pleasant and interesting time, it being one of the largest circles ever held in this place.

J. L. Pease' and wife, from Chelsea, Mass. are visiting friends in town.

The Secret Out At Last.

It has long been a source of wonder, as to why Courtney failed to meet Hanlan in a sculling contest. The general explanatory argument was, that he feared the little Canadian. This opinion, however, is exploded by the authentic announcement, that on the days fixed for the race, Courtney was unable to sit in his shell, on account of the intense itching and soreness caused by the Piles. Having recovered through the use of Swayne's Ointment, he now announces that he will row Hanlan any time this Summer. jesa t sept1

Rev. Mr. Cutting, from Melvin Village, preached a very interesting sermon, at the West Campton church last Sabbath.

Rheumatism, Spasms, Enlargement, Palpitation, Water about the Heart, at yield to the use of Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. You cannot try it too soon if you are at all afflicted. Pamphlet free of F. E. Ingalls, Concord, N. H. Price 50 cents and $1.00 per bottle. For sale by druggists. jesa-t-sept1

The boarding houses are well filled, and those taking boarders report a very favorable season thus far. F.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry cure coughs, colds, bronchitis, whooping cough, croup, influenza, consumptions and all diseases of the throat, lungs and chest. 50c and $1 a bottle. je-1y-mar1

Mehetable Barnard Crowell, born in Warner, N. H., Aug. 30, 1789, died in Campton Aug. 15, 1882, lacking only fifteen days of being 93 years old. She was the last of a family of ten children.

"An Ambitious Individual."

"Oh! I'm boiling over to do some good act" shouted a politician the other day, as his red nose protruded from a face ornamented with unhealthy blotches. "Well, sir," replied a friendly listener, "unless you want to be an animated sign for a drug store, and make the passers by sick, I would advise you to use Swayne's Ointment and be cured of skin disease." The ambitious man acted on the advice, and is now a living exemplification of what this excellent remedy can accomplish. jesa tsept1

Quite a party of ladies and gentlemen from this place went blueberrying last Tuesday on Spring mountain in Waterville. They report the berries abundant although rather small, doubtless owing to the long continued drouth.

Perhaps no medicine is so universally required as a good cathartic. Swayne's Pills are prepared expressly to meet this necessity being composed of purely vegetable ingredients of which podophyllin or mandrake, sarsaparilla, yellow dock and other concentrated juices enter largely into their composition; the whole strength of which is extracted on an entirely new principle. They are mild in their operation and are truly a valuable aperient and anti-bilious medicine. They stimulate the liver to healthy action, cleanse the stomach and bowels of all impurities. Curing sick and nervous headache, dyspepsia or indigestion, biliousness, fevers, drowsiness, colds, aching pains, aches, slight chills, with flashes of heat and female irregularities. For a bilious and costive habit, no medicine is so prompt and effectual. Mailed on receipt of price (in postage stamps) 25 cents, or five boxes for $1. Address Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia, Pa. Ask your druggist for them. jesa 1y jan25

The Ladies Sewing circle will meet with Mrs. D. M. Sanborn on Thursday Aug. 17 at 2 o'clock P. M.

Highly Esteemed.

The youthful color and a rich lustre are restored to faded or gray hair by the use of Parker's Hair Balsam, a harmless dressing highly esteemed for its perfume and purity. js t sept1

The farmers in this vicinity are done haying and they report a light crop.

The pro-pect for a wheat crop is very poor; evidently there will be a light yield.

Entirely Satisfactory.

Ladies wishing a perfume that combines novelty, delicacy and richness, find Floreston Cologne entirely satisfactory. js t sept1

The potato crop is suffering very much for want of rain and unless it comes soon there must be a very light yield.

E. H. Keniston. Auctioneer. P. O. Address, West Campton, N. H. Terms Reasonable. june10-jesa-30t*

Miss Lillian E. Smith who has been at work at Sanborn's hotel has had to leave on account of sickness.

That Campton boy that the elder married the other night told him not to say one word about it. F.

For Sale.—Two of the best stage lines in New Hampshire, with mails and stock to run them. Apply to W. R Clough, Eagle Hotel, Keene, N. H. jesa1m

Many bodily ills result from habitual consipation and a fine constipation may be broken and ruined by simple neglect There is no medicine equal to Ayer's Pill to correct the evil, and restore the organs to natural, healthy, and regular action. jesalt

BORN.

In Ashland, Aug. 14, to Mr. and Charles Merrill, a son.

In Bridgewater, Aug. 16, to Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Pillsbury, a son.

In Plymouth, Aug. 21, to Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Warren, a son.

DIED.

In Ashland, Aug. 11, Esther Shepard, aged 47, years 7 months.

RUPTURE CURED In 30 Days

By the use of the EXCELSIOR RUPTURE PLASTER & HEALING COMPOUND. Send for testimonials to F. H. MERRICK, Ogdensburg, N. Y.

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Kerosene Oil Stove!



Call at any stove store and ask to see the Boston Gem Improved Kerosene Stove. It is warranted to work equal to any stove in the market, and only costs but one-half the price. It is lighter to handle than any stove, and is warranted to wear as long; do not purchase your Kerosene Stove until you see this one.

Ask for the Boston Gem and take no other.

If your dealer has not got it, write to

F. MORANDI,

102 Union Street, *BOSTON, Mass.*

jesa aug18tf

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Bryant & Stratton



Manchester, N. H.

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YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN

for securing such a business education as will fit them for desirable employment as clerk, book-keepers, penmen, copyists, &c., &c.

Tuition rates and other expenses are very low. Write for college circulars giving full particulars.

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Prepare your **Easter Orders** in season to secure the best Orange Blossoms, Roses, Pinks, Violets, Callas, Heliotropes, Primroses, Spirea Dultra, and every other Hothouse Production.

Also is their season a fine assortment of Beddingout Plants and a large stock of Tomatoes and Cabbages.

Orders for Wedding or Funeral decorations attended to in the best manner and shortest notice by mail, telegraph or telephone.

1yjesat-1j GEORGE MAIN,

2 Merrimack St., Concord, N. H.

PIANO CHAIR.

Teachers, Scholars and Finished Amateur and Professional Players will alike welcome it.

The practice of sitting at a piano or organ practicing for hours together, without a support for the back, is tiresome in the extreme, as every player well knows; and, giving way to the tired feeling, very many, especially young persons, attempt to rest or relieve themselves by assuming a position which is not only ungraceful, but unnatural and unhealthy, and are often permanently injured thereby. To rest the back, it is not always necessary to incline the body to the rear. The body may lean forward, but if there is something against which the back may be pressed, it affords a sense of support, a feeling of ease which can be obtained in no other way, and really forms a true rest. The ordinary piano stool is not a comfortable seat under any circumstances, yet no material improvement was made upon the original design until the Back Piano Chair was invented. Although this chair has been before the public but a short time, it has already attracted marked attention, and has gained the highest approval of all who have tested it. We are confident that it will fully meet the needs of thousands who have long been hoping and anxiously looking for some improvement.

Price, plain, $5.00; plush, $6.00; With adjustable back, $1.00 extra.

OLIVER DITSON & CO.,

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BOSTON, Mass.

July14jesam1

Ladies, Save Your Hair Combings.

It will pay you. How? Send to the subscriber and have them made into a

NICE SWITCH.

Combings as prepared by us by a New Patent Process and made up with roots all one way, are fully equal to the best cut hair.

Price for preparing and making up 50 cts. per ounce.

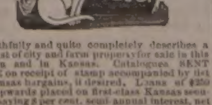
All kinds of Hairwork made to order on short notice and guaranteed to match a sample of hair sent us, every time, as we give our personal attention to this department of our business.

C. W. WADLEIGH,

140 North Main St., opp. Post Office. CONCORD, N. H.

je may13m

Walker's Real Estate



Truthfully and quite completely describes a long list of city and farm property for sale in this section and in Kansas. Catalogues SENT FREE on receipt of stamp accompanied by list of Kansas bargains, if desired. Loans of $250 and upwards placed on first-class Kansas security, paying 8 per cent. semi-annual interest, net to the lender. Address A. L. Walker & Son, Walker's Block, Merrimack St., cor. Pine, Manchester, N. H. jdec27'80tf eaapr10'81 1y

Higgins & Patten,



Concord,

Furniture, Upholstery, Bedding.

Five Reasons why it is to your advantage to buy of us.

1. We are manufacturers of our own goods.

2. We keep the largest stock in the state.

3. We sell more goods to the people of New Hampshire than any other retail store.

4. It is our constant effort to offer our patrons better and more attractive goods and at the same time maintain the low prices that have been the secret of our success in securing a large business.

5. Our goods are all WARRANTED to our customers.

The above reasons make the very best guarantee to every customer for Low Prices and Faithful Dealing.

Respectfully Yours,

Higgins & Patten,

122 North Main St., opp. State House, CONCORD, N. H.

jesa june10 6m

SPECIAL

FROM

C. M. Boynton's,

CONCORD, N. H.

Wishing to close out all our summer goods we will sell three pieces of

NUN'S VEILING IN BLACK,

at 50c, 62c, and 75c per yard; really worth 70c, 87c, and $1 00. We also will sell many desirable goods at lower prices than ever, to make room for fall stock. All our

Summer Dress Goods at Closing Out Prices!

People going to the beach should visit C. M. Boynton's store. His stock of bath towels, also flannel for bathing suits sells readily; also flannel suitings and heavy Shetland shawls, suitable for beach and mountain wear. Great mark-down on sunshades—actually selling them at cost.

We are also making very low prices on Spanish and Trimming Laces. New Housekeeping and Seasonable Goods received daily.

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THE LARGEST STOCK OF LAMPS AND KITCHEN FURNISHING GOODS in New Hampshire.

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The Great Iowa Storm.

The Wonderful Tornado Activity.

The storm-cloud proper entered the city from the southwest, first striking the earth on the north side of the C. R. I. and P. R. R. This terrible "reaper of death" cut a swath through a densely populated portion 700 feet in width in the average, and did not probably exceed five minutes in passing through the city, but in that limit of time forty human beings were instantly killed, and at least ten more will die of their injuries. From fifty to sixty buildings (the Iowa College buildings included) were also totally destroyed—in most instances broken into small fragments and thrown in all directions.

Two heavy freight trains, entering the city from the north and east, were caught up and dashed upon both sides of the tracks with terrible violence. Even the ponderous engine was lifted bodily upward, but came down upon its wheels again without injury. The distance traversed by this tornado from Boone to Henry county is in a direct line about 145 miles, although its circuitous route was probably 200.

It appears to have been between three and four hours in traveling this distance, and caused the death of seventy-five or eighty people, a still greater number of animals, and destroying property valued at nearly two millions of dollars.

Several peculiarities of this tornado may be worthy of record. Water, in immense volume, accompanied it. Electricity in form dynamic and thermal played an important part. Balls of electricity were frequently seen, and window-glass was melted in circular form and with sharply defined borders. Light objects were carried upward, apparently to a great height, and incline at almost right angles with the course of the tempest, found on the ground thirty and forty miles distant.

Unlike the tornado of 1860 in this State, no fetid or sulphurous smell was perceptible, nor did the dead bodies present such a blackened appearance and wounds seemed to heal more rapidly. There seems to have been a series of almost constant rain and wind storms in this State, and as far south as Missouri and Kansas, since the 17th and up to the date of this communication.

Grinnell, I. FRANK A. HOWEN.

A Sandwich Island Supper.

Pot suppers are a great institution on the islands. I have had the fun of eating them in all sorts of places, ranging from the floor of a native fisherman's grass hut to the dining-room of royalty. I believe that just now will be a good time to describe the best pot supper I have eaten so far. It was at the beach summer residence of a Honolulu merchant. The merchant was married to a half-white lady, and their beach home is a little gem of elegance and comfort. The party was small, four half white ladies, one white lady and a half dozen gentlemen. The half white ladies are sisters, the daughters of a fine-looking old German, a noble, who was one of the party. The sisters were educated in Germany, and I have never met more gracefully entertaining and cultured people, despite the novel experience of eating supper with them, without the use of knives or forks.

The table was spread in a large and airy room opening out upon a moonlit bit of sea beach. The white cloth was almost hidden beneath a spread of woven ferns, over which the service of silver, cut glass and fine china formed a pretty picture. Pretty enough, yet with one element incongruous to the stranger; for, by the side of each dainty cut-glass finger-bowl, filled with perfumed water, stood a heavy, dark, but highly polished wooden calabash, filled to the brim with poi. It was the first table I ever sat down at where the finger-bowls were used before the meal began. Each bathed and dried the right hand, and proceeded to dip the index finger of that hand into poi. Everyone—that is, except myself—and the young lady who was to share my calabash, observing that I used my fork, she did likewise. I had only eaten a mouthful or two, however, when the jolly host cried out "Shame" at me for daring to eat poi with a fork. I had only attempted before that time to finger poi furtively and chiefly in the dark during the night suppers on the Likelike and similar occasions. I had not made a very brilliant go of the operation, and so felt a little nervous when my host spoke; but, rather than be guyed, I determined to try. I turned to my companion in poi, so to say, and said I would eat as a native, if she would teach me. She would be charmed. We bathed our right hands, and without another word dipped in. I tell you it is a novel sensation to plunge your hand, in the presence of a table-full of civilized beings, into a dish of food of the consistency which generally demands a spoon. The sensation is made more queer when, as I did, you find your hand swimming about in the dish in company with the hand of a beautiful woman, who is looking at you the while with mild reproof.

The occasion of the reproof she explained thus: "There is no absolute need of your moving your whole body; not even your shoulder nor arm—just a simple wrist movement, thus."

We removed our fingers together. On the end of hers was a pear shaped ball of poi. My finger was thin by removal with poi.

"What's wrong with me?" I asked, looking hungrily at my meagrely supplied digit.

She explained that I had held my finger too straight. "Crook your finger a little, like this," she said, as we both dabbed back into the poi, "and turn your hand, not too fast, with a wrist movement only."

I did as instructed, and soon the surface of the calabash was disturbed by the movement of two wheels of poi, circling about our respective fingers. We withdrew our fingers and each was well supplied. We carried our fingers to our mouths, licked them clean, and again dabbed into the calabash.

It doesn't sound pretty, does it? But, upon my word, when one comes to try it, old prejudices and the force of life-long training rapidly disappear, for poi from a fork loses half its flavor and merit. When one takes one's finger from the calabash, the finger is carried to the mouth in a sort of spiral movement, otherwise one's shirt-front gets the poi. My instructress spoke truer yet as I was about half-way between calabash and mouth, on the up trip, once, and, naturally, I stopped my hand as one would with a fork. Pretty soon I saw her big black eyes—glorious eyes, by the way—laughing at me. Then I looked for my poi. It had gracefully fell from my finger—part of it divided on my shirt cuff and ornamented the end of my undershirt sleeve and my coat cuff. When damages were repaired one said: "If you want to converse, and happen to have poi on your finger, do like this." As she spoke she gracefully waved her poi-laden hand back-ward and forward, with a slow, graceful turn at the end of each beat, and the motion kept the poi in place on her finger-end.

Of course, with the poi, there was fish, raw, cooked and dried. The dried and raw fish is easily enough eaten with the fingers. The cooked fish was the only dish partaken of with forks. The raw fish is served dedicated with tomatoes or in some kind of pickle. Sometimes perfectly plain. I passed on the raw fish. The cooked fish, umumus and kaus, were delicious. They were baked under ground in ki leaves, which gave them a flavor new and novel to me. But the dish which I lingered by most affectionately, which created happiness in this life for me, was the chicken, cooked in luau style—a luau is a native feast and dance, but the dance, I concluded, has nothing to do with the style of cooking. The chicken was boned and stewed with taro tops. Taro, or kalo, is the esculent from which poi is made, and the tops and sprouts are both excellent articles of food.

I have been, by the way, two months trying to find out whether this national vegetable is taro or kalo. I conclude, chiefly from my own inner consciousness, that it is, native "kalo," foreign corruption, "taro," as the foreigners have altered the pronunciation of K and L in the native words to T and R, neither of which latter letters occur in the native alphabet. Well, this kalo, then, is a big, coarse, dark stained esculent, grown under water on most parts of the islands, the size and shape of a very large sweet potato, which, boiled or baked, has a rich sweet flavor, and is far superior to potato. Then it can be fried, or made into cakes. Taro cakes are a revelation! It is not to be used fresh, it is pounded up into a coarse, moist mess, called palai, and packed in ki leaves, for use or market. More pounding, and moisture and straining, and a slight fermentation, makes it into poi. The stalk immediately above the roots somewhat resembles asparagus, and is eaten as that vegetable is. The leaves—not a particle of root, stem nor leaf is wasted—made an excellent spinach, or flavor accompaniment for the luau dish.

A Joke of Georges Sand.

The second volume of the correspondence of Georges Sand has come, apropos for those who have made up their minds, now that the Duc de Fernan-Nunez has given the last ball of the season, that it is quite time for them to leave the city. The authoress gives some very amusing accounts of the practical jokes she played on those who importuned her or indulged in the practice of interviewing—more honored in the breach than in the observance in these days. She tells how a lawyer from La Chatre made up his mind to see her. He arrived at Nahant at noon, and met Rollinat, who, after looking at him up and down, said: "Good night, sir, I am going to bed." The lawyer, p rplexed, exclaimed: "What, at this time of day?" "Yes," returned Rollinat, "it is the custom here." The limb of the law was not to be denied. Georges Sand hid herself in the bedroom behind the curtains. She allowed him to enter her chamber, where he was received by an elderly and most respectable female, who was f t, hair, and forty, but who with her obesity and her dirty hands might have been taken for twenty years older. She was dressed in an old flannel dressing gown, and her hair hidden beneath a silk handkerchief gave her a strangely venerable appearance. The lawyer had a long conversation with her, talking of her different books, and showing so much enthusiasm for the lady that he quite overlooked the grammatical errors she made every now and again. When he took his leave he saluted the grave and respectable personage who had received him to the very ground. Georges Sand laughing all the time behind the curtain at the deference shown her female de chambre, who had represented her on this occasion.

The correspondence will be read with much pleasure by everyone. It contains anecdotes referring to men who are still living or who have been remembered by many. Thus, for instance, Balzac is referred to. Georges Sand declares that the author of the "Comedie Humaine" was as mad as any man could be. She tells how Balzac dined at her house one day, and that at the table he declared he had discovered another marvel—"la bête rose"—for which the English and Belgian Horticultural Societies had promised a reward of £20,000. He also added that he could sell each packet of seed for five francs, and the whole invention would not cost him more than fivepence. Rollinat asked Balzac why he did not set about the cultivation of the "bête rose" at once, since he was poor and in want of money. "Oh, you know," said Balzac, "I have so much to do now; but you may be sure that this matter shall have my best attention soon."

Newly imported French woven underwear of all kinds, white or in pale tinted colors, fit the form perfectly, and are without seams or one unnecessary fold or even wrinkle.

The Beresford Ghost Story.

Many persons may be interested in a version of that strange tale known as the "Beresford Ghost Story," dear to all lovers of the supernatural, which is here given. It is warranted as correct on no less an authority than the present Archbishop of Armagh, who, as a great-great grandson of one of the principal actors and collaterally descended from the other, certainly ought to know all about it, if anyone does. Nichola Sophia Hamilton, who afterward became Lady Beresford, had made an agreement with the Earl of Tyrone of the Dale Poer family, with whom she had been brought up, that whichever of them died first was to appear to the other if there was any truth in revealed religion, in which neither of them had any faith. One morning Lady Beresford, who was paying a visit, came down to breakfast in a very agitated state, with a black ribbon round her wrist. When her husband, Sir Tristram, asked her what was the matter, she begged him to ask no questions, but told him that the post would bring him tidings of Lord Tyrone's death, and that he would in the next year be the father of a son. These predictions came true; the expected letter brought the news that Lord Tyrone had died the Saturday before, and in due time a son was born. Lady Beresford always continued to wear the ribbon round her wrist.

Sir Tristram died, and his widow after a time married a Captain Gorges, who turned out so badly that she had to separate from him. When she was living in Dublin she gave a dinner party to celebrate her birthday, and invited an old clergyman who had christened her. He was the first arrival, and she told him she was just forty-eight that day. "No," said he, "you are only forty-seven; you were born in 1666." She grew deadly pale. "Are you sure?" she said. "Certain," he said. "You have them," she replied, "signed my death-warrant. I have only a few hours to live." She retired to her room, sent for her son Sir Marcus, for her daughter Lady Riverston, and, I believe, Henry, Archbishop of Dublin. She then told the story for the first time of Lord Tyrone appearing to her, telling her of his death; that she would have a son who would marry his brother's daughter, and that she would make a most unfortunate marriage, and die on her forty-seventh birthday. He touched her wrist to prove his appearance was real, and the flesh and sinews shrank, on which she always wore a black ribbon. She was buried in Lord Cork's vault, under he Communion table in St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Her son, Sir Marcus Beresford, we may add, married Catherine, Baroness de la Poer, with whom he got the great possessions in the county of Waterford which his descendant still owns, and was created Earl of Tyrone, his son becoming Marquess of Waterford.

Clips.

Mrs. Lincoln's estate is $74,000, every dollar being in United States bonds.

An entire Russian guard, with its non-commissioned officers, has been sentenced to Siberia for life, for conspiracy to steal a treasure it had been sent to protect.

In the last five years 1594 dead bodies have been taken from the Thames in the various districts of London. About one third of these were women.

An area of 93,000 acres has been planted with trees in Kansas under the new law relating to arboriculture. The cotton tree was largely planted on account of its rapid growth, and 50'0 acres were set with walnut trees. The expectation is that this will operate, in course of time, to relieve the climate of its extreme dryness.

The surveyed line of the Continental Railroad Company, which proposes to lay tracks between Council Bluffs and New York, brings Chicago nearer to New York by 113 miles than by way of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Editor McFadden, of the Steubenville, O., *Gazette*, stepped up to advise a friend that he ought not to engage in a controversy with one McDonald who was near by. McDonald overheard the remark, and the blow he dealt McFadden rendered him senseless for half an hour.

The largest pump in the world, so it is said, is on cars at Sheffield, Pa., for the pump station at Vandergrift City, in the Cherry Grove oil field. It is the Worthington duplex pattern, and each of the huge oil cylinders, with some of the small fixtures, make a carload. In all there are four carloads of the pump.

No city in the world is at the same time so thoroughly national and so tolerantly cosmopolitan as Paris. In no other place in Europe could a political journal in Arabic be established with any hope of success. Yet the *Kaheb el Cheng* (the *Morning Star*) is said to be flourishing apace in the French capital.

When Philip Reich, an old citizen of Frederick, Md., entered the Senate Chamber the other day, after an absence of seventy years from Washington, the business before the Senate was a bill for the relief of the heirs of R. K. Meade. Mr. Reich at once exclaimed: "Why, that's the bill they were considering when I was here in 1813!" Examination of the record proved that the old gentleman was correct. Mr. Meade sustained some losses while Minister to Spain, and the bill provides for their payment.

"Hello."

Marvelous as have been the discoveries and inventions in the way of telephones, it seems probable that we are yet but in the infancy of their utility. The result of late experiments has been the establishment of telephone communication between Boston and New York, by which conversation has been carried on over the distance of 300 miles—that is, to and from Boston—and not only has the conversation been conducted intelligently and easily, but with a distinctness that has hitherto not been obtained through telephones. This improvement has been reached, not through any particular change in the instruments, but by a chemical manipulation of the carbon and the use of a current four times as strong as the ordinary one. Mr. Chinnock, the electrician of the Metropolitan Telephone Company of New York, thus relates the operation of the machinery under the new discovery. He says:

"Two weeks ago I went to Boston to consult with the Bell Telephone Company. The chief electrician of the company, Mr. Jacques, said that he had something to show that would astonish me. Some twenty feet away from where I sat was an ordinary telephone, exactly like those in use all over this city. Mr. Jacques came and as he closed the door a voice as loud and distinct as I am talking to you now, said: 'Good morning, Mr. Chinnock. How do you like Boston?' I looked around in amazement, and said to Mr. Jacques: 'Have you a speaking tube here?' 'No,' he replied, 'that is the telephone.' I thought at first that it was some practical joke, but after a few moment's investigation I became convinced that a great advance had been made in science."

This gentleman says that the present handphones can be made to give forth sound as loud and distinct as the human voice itself, and that hereafter the call bell will be unnecessary, as the voice can be heard as far as the bell. Thus, standing in Boston, he heard a voice from the telephone call Miss Taylor, a lady sitting in an adjoining room, at least forty feet away and the lady heard the call and came from the other room to answer it. He further explains the possibilities of the future of telephones:

"When the voice comes from a distance, as from Boston to New York, it is necessary to speak quite loudly, but not to shout, for the voice to be heard distinctly in all parts of the room in this city; but by putting the handphone to the ear a whisper can be heard from Boston to New York. By using what is known as a metallic circuit—two wires instead of one—conversations have been carried on with ease over 600 miles of country. I see no reason why conversation cannot be carried on between New York and San Francisco, and have no hesitation in saying that within a year conversation between here and Chicago will be a matter of hourly occurrence. No change whatever will be necessary in the present apparatus, except in substituting four cells for one and in differently prepared carbon."

The imagination is free to count up what will be the result when a man in Chicago can go to his telephone and call up by a simple "belle" any person he wishes in St. Louis, New York, Washington, Boston, or New Orleans, and speak to him freely, and as distinctly, and with no greater voice, than if he were present in the same room. Electricity has made marvelous strides since Morse, less than forty years ago, strung his first wires and opened his first line of telegraph, a distance of forty miles. The telephone has already surpassed that, and it is impossible to place any limitation upon its possible capacity. The promise is now that in a very brief time conversation between cities and towns and States and sections of the country will be as common and as universal as it is now between the different parts of this city, and that the telephone of the future will be so far improved and enlarged and adapted to common use that conversation between people will know no interference by the mere accident of distance.

Charles Lamb and the Cheese.

The late Charles Mathews used to tell, with great glee, a little story of Charles Lamb, which he vouched for as authentic, and believed to be unpublished. I am indebted for it to Mr. Henry S. Leigh (the Poet of Cockayne) who had it from the lips of his friend, the famous actor. One evening Marv Lamb took a sudden and violent fancy to have some Stilton cheese for supper, an article of which they had not a scrap in the house. It was very wet, and getting rather late; but Charles, with that self-denial which showed itself in a life-long devotion to his sister, at once volunteered to try whether any could be got. He sallied forth, and reached their cheesemonger just as the shutters were being put up.

In reply to his demand, he was assured that they had fine ripe Stilton; and the shopkeeper proceeded to cut off a slice. As it lay on the scales Lamb's attention was forcibly arrested by the lively gambols of a number of maggots which came to the surface of the "fine ripe Stilton." "Now, Mr. Lamb," said the cheesemonger, "shall I have the pleasure of sending this home for you?" "No, th-th-thank' you," said Charles. "If you will give me a bit of twine I can con-coult, p'rhaps, I-I-I-lead it home!" The manner in which Charles Mathews rendered Lamb's stutter was, says Mr. Leigh, inimitable.

Turn Back to the Fields.

An analysis of the census figures shows that not over 33 per cent. of the population of the country are engaged in agricultural pursuits, yet the tillers of the soil constitute the life of the nation. Strike them out and the nation would decay, die. Again, the population of the one hundred principal cities of the United States in 1880 was about 10,000,000, or 20 per cent. of the entire population, thus showing that the tendency is to the cities from the country. When it is considered that the wealth of a nation depends upon its mineral and agricultural products chiefly, the census figures, as developed, are to a certain extent startling and suggestive in their character, and, among other things, show that the young man of the land eschew agricultural pursuits.

J. W. Keifer, Speaker of the U. S. House of Representatives, was unanimously nominated for Congressman, by the Republican Convention of the Eighth District of Ohio.

What the Face Shows.

Round-eyed persons see much, live much in the senses, but think less. Narrow-eyed persons, on the other hand, see less, but think more and feel more intensely. It will be observed that the eyes of children are open and round. Their whole life is to receive impressions. It is only when childhood is maturing toward manhood or womanhood that thought comes, if it comes at all. But what is it that most leads to reflection? Experience. Our errors, our shortcomings, our failures—these teach us to think before we act, to consider each step, to weigh every motive. When, therefore, the upper eyelid—for it has the greatest amount of mobility—drops over the eye, it indicates not merely reflection but something painful to reflect upon. Hence the length of drooping of the upper eyelid betokens confession and penitence.

The drooping of half of the eyelid from the outer angle to the centre indicates the disposition to confess one's faults to parents or seniors, to a "father confessor," or to the Supreme Being. The drooping of half of the eyelid from the inner angle to the centre betokens the disposition to repent, and to "do works meet for repentance." Closely allied to these sights are those of prayerfulness and humility. The former is indicated by the muscle which turns the eye directly upwards. The faculty of humility is indicated by the muscle which turns the eye directly downward, as represented in the pictures of the Madonna. Prayerfulness is usually large in connection with the sign of confession, and humility in connection with that of penitence; the reason of which is, that between the faculties of penitence and humility there is the same close connection as between confession and prayer. One who has more prayer than humility has the eye turned habitually somewhat upward so that the upper part of the iris is a little covered by the upper eyelid, and so as to leave a slight space between the iris and the lower lid. The reverse is true of one who has more humility than prayer.

The faculty of truth—that is, the love of the truth—is indicated by the muscle which surrounds the eye, causing folds and wrinkles. Justice is indicated by the muscle which causes perpendicular wrinkles between the eyebrows. Fullness and wrinkles under the eye, for which some persons are remarkable, indicate the love of mathematical accuracy; and wrinkles curving upward from the outer angle of the eye and eyebrow indicate probity or personal truthfulness. There are three degrees of the faculty of justice. The first is a kind of exactness or strict honesty in small money matters, which some people would call closeness, and is indicated by a singular perpendicular wrinkle or line between the eyebrows. The second is the disposition to require justice in others, and is indicated by two perpendicular lines or wrinkles, one on each side of the centre—a very common sign.

The third degree is conscientiousness, or the disposition to apply the rule of justice to one's self, and is indicated by three or more wrinkles or lines, especially noticeable, extending above the eyebrow when the muscle is in action. The love of command is indicated by one or more short transverse wrinkles across the root of the nose, exactly between the eyes. It may be seen in great military commanders, in masters and teachers, and in those generally who are fond of exercising authority. In those who are wanting in the power to command and have no desire for responsibility this sign is also absent. The faculty of command frequently acts with that sort of justice which reprimands or requires others to do right, and both together produce that frowning and lowering brow which is so terrible to evil-doers or those who love to be approved rather than condemned.

A Business Explanation.

Every established local newspaper receives subscriptions from large cities which puzzle the publishers, but which the New York *Times* lately explained as follows: "A wholesale merchant in this city, who had become rich at the business, says his rule is, that when he sells a bill of goods on credit, to immediately subscribe for the local paper of his debtor. So long as his customer advertised liberally and vigorously he rested, but as soon as he began to contract his advertising space he took the fact as evidence that there was trouble ahead, and invariably went for the debtor. Said he: 'The man who is too poor to make his business known is too poor to do business.' The withdrawal of an advertisement is evidence of weakness that business men are not slow to act upon."

Ducks and Potatoes.

We find from the Newfield (New Jersey) *News*, the following valuable information, that while it may not bear upon the interests of this year's production, will be found good reference for the future crops: "Mr. Leonard H. Down of our vicinity had a patch of potatoes, that, to make a rough guess, covered the fifth of an acre. He turned four ducks into the field and he had no occasion to use Paris green, as the quack of the ducks struck more terror to the bugs than did the appearance of the honest husbandman with his sprinkler of Paris green. Chickens may eat the larva but the duck takes them all in, little and big. Hence we argue that ducks and a good crop of potatoes are synonymous, and we are convinced, in this instance at least, that there is some good in "quacks" after all."

Brandy From Sawdust.

An exchange trembles with apprehension since it has been ascertained by a German chemist that first-rate brandy can be made of sawdust. "We are friends," it says, "of the temperance movement, and want it to succeed, but what chance will it have when a man can take a nip saw and go out and get drunk on a fence rail?"

Borrowed From the Turtle.

A Plan to Increase the Speed and Ease of Swimmers.

An elderly man, with thin pieces of wood shaped like artists' palette strapped on his hands and feet, has attracted much attention in the water at Manhattan Beach some days by swift and graceful swimming. His equipment was called "swimming plates," and he took apparent pleasure in teaching, free of charge, those who took an interest in his invention. The swimmer was R. H. Wallace-Dunlop, C. B., an Englishman, who has devoted himself to the science of natation, and has written a work upon plain swimming. After studying for years the swimming habits of seals, fishes, beavers and turtles, Mr. Dunlop began to experiment, to see whether he could not make man an amphibious animal by supplying him with practical fins or flippers. Owing to the impossibility of introducing nerves and muscles for economic expansion and contraction, he found that all jointed, hinged, and umbrella fins were practically worthless, as the opening or closing of the fin was made dependent upon the action of the water during the stroke of the arm and leg, and that as the greater part of the stroke was employed in the expansion of the fin it was rendered ineffective, and the aid obtained after expansion of the fin did not compensate for the extra friction and drag of the apparatus during its closing and recovery. But by devising the plates, which are attached to the hands and feet, the inventor assimilates the equipment of man to the sea lion and the turtle, and, without describing the effect of the devices, it is easily said that the plates increase the pressure area of the hands and feet. The result of this, it is claimed, is to give greater propulsion and surplus float power. The inventor says that the plates increase an average swimmer's speed 50 per cent., and that they enable weak swimmers to go long distances by reducing the "slip" of the body in ordinary swimming.

If the reader will imagine an artist's palette, of thin wood, varnished, strapped to each hand, and a large palette serving as a sole to a canvas shoe laced over the end of the foot, strapped across the instep, and again strapped across the ankle, the heel projecting at the rear so as to rest on the ground, an idea of the plates may be obtained. "The heel gives me trouble," says Mr. Wallace Dunlop, "because no swimming animal has a heel. By letting the heel through the gap of the plate a play of both the ankle and instep joints can be obtained to bring the plate in line with the leg or square to it at will. The pressure upon the plate comes chiefly from the ball of the foot, and the freedom of the joints gives about ninety degrees of play. The main point in plate swimming is to carry the plates through the water edgewise during recovery and square during stroke."

"What added buoyancy is obtained?"

"About seven ounces from the wooden plates. They allow the swimmer to rest motionless upon the surface without any constrained breathing, as in ordinary floating."

"It is easy to go to sleep, then, in the water?"

"Yes, because natural breathing without sinking is practicable. A friend, late in the Indian navy, told me that he slept for some time floating in the harbor of Jedda. Moreover, with the swimming plates a man can carry a weight of fifty pounds of iron around his neck. Much is said about fast swimming, but the result of my experience is that, roughly speaking, one and a half yards a second is the no plus ultra of swimmers. Great swimmers have to use an immense amount of energy to secure the few inches a second that they make over ordinary swimmers."

"What is the length of the leg stroke?"

"From two feet to two feet six inches. The action is not directly backward and forward like the connecting rod of a crank or the piston of a steam engine, but the feet trace a cycloid."

"Did you take the plan of the swimming plate from the turtle?"

"Yes, the shape of the turtle is that of a swimming plate. It moves easily edgewise in the water, and has much vertical stability, which enables it to make the up and down blow of its front flippers very effective. When a turtle moves slowly its action is like that of a frog on the diagonal—that is, it works the left front and the right rear flippers together, but when doing its best the turtle works its flippers in pairs, which is found advantageous by human swimmers with plates."

Culinary Conceits.

FRIED ASPARAGUS.—Blanch the asparagus a couple of minutes, and then drain it; dip each piece in batter and fry it in hot fat. When done, sprinkle with salt and serve hot. This is nice, and easy to prepare.

VANITY CAKE.—One and a half cups of powdered sugar, half a cup of butter, half a cup of sweet milk, one and a half cups of flour, half a cup of corn starch, a teaspoonful of baking-powder, white of six eggs; bake in two cakes, putting frosting between and on top.

ICE CREAM.—Take three pints of sweet cream, a quart of new milk, a pint of powdered sugar, the whites of two eggs beaten light, a tablespoonful of vanilla; put in the freezer till thoroughly chilled through, and then freeze. This is easily made, and is very good.

FRUIT FRAPPÉE.—Line a mould with vanilla ice cream, fill the centre with fresh berries or fruit cut in slices, cover with ice cream, cover closely, and put in freezer for half an hour, with salt and ice well packed around it. The fruit must be chilled, but not frozen. Strawberries and ripe peaches are delicious thus prepared.

DRY LIMA BEANS.—Wash one quart of dry Lima beans in two warm waters; soak three hours, drain, and put on to cook in enough boiling water to cover them. Cover the pot with a tin lid, adding more hot water as it boils away, boiling rapidly one and a half hours, when there should be only water enough to come up to the top of the beans—just sufficient to make a nice dressing. Five minutes before taking up season with salt and pepper, and stir in a dressing made of one tablespoon each of flour and butter rubbed together until smooth. This is a delicious dish.

CREAMED CABBAGE.—Slice as for cold slaw and stew in a covered saucepan till tender; drain it, return to saucepan, add a gill or more of rich cream, one ounce of butter, pepper and salt to taste; let simmer two or three minutes, then serve. Milk may be used by adding a little more butter; or have a deep spider hot, put in the sliced cabbage, pour quickly over it a pint of boiling water, cover close and cook for ten minutes, then pour off water, and add half a pint of rich milk. When the milk boils stir in a teaspoon of flour moistened with a little milk; season, cook a moment and serve.

PINEAPPLE PUDDING.—Butter a pudding-dish and line the bottom and sides with slices of stale cake, sponge-cake is best; pare and slice thin a large pineapple (use sure to leave out the core), place in the dish first a layer of pineapple, then strew in the sugar, then more pineapple, and so on until all is used; pour over a small teacup of water, and cover with slices of cake which have been dipped in cold water, cover the whole with a buttered plate and bake slowly for two hours.

ASPARAGUS A LA PARMESAN.—Only the tenderest young heads must be used for this entree, which claims Italy for its birthplace. The heads must be cooked in boiling salt and water. Put a layer of grated Parmesan cheese in a rather deep dish, then a layer of the asparagus, on the top of which pour some oiled butter. Then another layer of the cheese, asparagus and butter. Finish with the cheese, and strew some brown breadcrumbs over the whole. Heat through thoroughly in the oven, or glaze over with the salamander.

PEA SOUP.—Take a quart of shelled peas; boil the pods in a gallon of cold water until all the substance is boiled out of them; then skim them out, and put two pounds of beef into the pot. After the meat is boiled to shreds, skim the soup well, strain and return it to the pot; add the peas, with a little parsley, and let it simmer until the peas are quite tender; season with pepper and salt; thicken with a little butter and flour, let it boil up once and serve.

FROGS.—The hind legs only are used. They are such a delicacy that it is a pity not to prepare them nicely and serve them done to a turn, crisp, and hot. Throw them into slightly acidulated salted boiling water and let them boil about three minutes. Then take them out and drain and dry them well. Season them with pepper and salt, roll them in cracker or bread crumbs, then in beaten eggs, again in crumbs, and let them color nicely in boiling lard. The crumbs should be removed from the bones before they are fried. Sometimes they are served with little paper frills curled round the bones, and they are generally arranged in a circle upon a hot platter surrounding green peas.

Tartar Emetic as a Poison.

Antimony and its compounds, says *Knowledge*, would not be dangerous were it not for the too prevalent opinion that they may be used in all cases, safely, as emetics. Antimony itself cannot be used in this way until it has been so modified by chemical admixture as to be capable of decomposition by the fluids of the body. For this purpose tartarized antimony, in the form commonly known as tartar emetic, is usually employed; and most cases of antimonial poisoning have arisen from the administration of tartar emetic in large doses. The employment of this substance to detect children or servants who have taken forbidden articles of food has led to some very sad cases of poisoning. The practice cannot be too strongly reprehended. Tartar emetic has also been used, as foolishly, to cure confirmed drunkards of their bad habit by causing sickness. When tartar emetic has been taken in poisonous amount and vomiting does not follow, it must be excited until, if possible, all the poison has been rejected. Copious draughts of tepid water, tickling the back of the throat, and other such methods of producing vomiting, may be employed. If, however, the poison cannot be got rid of in this way, a decoction of tincture of quinine may be given with advantage, for tartarized antimony is decomposed by nearly all bitter or astringent vegetables which contain tannin, producing an inert tannate of the protoxide of antimony (which is the base of tartar emetic and James's Powder). Should no quinine be at hand a strong infusion of black tea should be administered, pending the arrival of a medical man.

Referring to the Bravo case, *Knowledge* says the whole theory of those who suspected Mrs. Bravo of poisoning her husband was absurd. Mr. Bravo, it says, probably took a poisonous dose of laudanum, trusting to the tartar emetic as a safe and sure emetic and not knowing that it should never be taken in cases of narcotic poisoning. Narcotic poisons so diminish the sensibility of the stomach that it will retain under their action what under other circumstances it would immediately reject. Failing to remove the laudanum by a dose of tartar emetic, Mr. Bravo probably repeated the dose until he had taken a poisonous amount.

A novel plan for setting celery and cabbage plants, which has several desirable points to recommend it, is to place them between the rows of your potatoes or sweet corn after the last hoeing. The growing corn or potatoes will afford a partial shade, which is very desirable at the time of setting the young plants and until they get fully established, and yet ripen, and can be removed in time for them to occupy the ground as a second crop. Two crops on one piece of ground with $10 worth of labor and manure will afford more profit than one crop on which $5 is expended.

Statistical.

The census returns of manufactures in twenty cities give the following figures in regard to the employment of children in factories: Philadelphia, 14,360; New York, 5828; Cincinnati, 5034; Chicago, 4799; Baltimore, 4111; Brooklyn, 3483; Boston, 1228; Cleveland, 1205; Detroit, 1230; Newark, 2556; Jersey City, 750; Pittsburg, 3235; Providence, 1510; Milwaukee, 999; San Francisco, 1081; St. Louis, 2049; Washington, 327; New Orleans, 552; Louisville, 1035. This is a considerable army of infantry growing up in factories to be future citizens. It is to be observed that the branches of industry which rejoice in the highest protective duties use the most children and pay the lowest wages. According to protective theories, these industries ought to pay the highest wages and consume the smallest number of children. After awhile the workingmen of the country will have a clearer conception of the benefits which they derive from the protective system.

The wonderful progress that Texas has made in the past decade has excited the attention and admiration of the whole country. It has doubled its population in that period as it quadrupled its wealth; and from the lowest place in the Union it has risen to be the empire railroad State of the South. This improvement and development have been generally attributed to the large emigration that Texas has received from the North. Yankee enterprise and energy, new blood and new ideas, it is said, have worked a change, overcome the ancient Southern spirit and made a new land of Texas. But here come the cold figures of the census bulletin and remorselessly upset all the claims of Northern self-laudation, and show conclusively that it is to the South that Texas owes its population and its progress. Of the 1,477,133 inhabitants of the State 1,354,192 were born in the South, and only 82,941 in all the other sections of the country—the North, West, the Pacific slope and the Territories. Alabama alone has furnished twice as many people as all the Northern States put together, and the quota from Louisiana exceeds that of any fifteen States north of Mason and Dixon's line. Texas, therefore, is thoroughly Southern in its ideas, its energy and its progress, and is a convincing evidence of Southern enterprise and industry.

Although almost an infant compared with the original States of the Union, California must be accorded the van as an industrial, money-making State. Beginning its career by gold-mining, the development of silver-mining, which soon followed, proved almost as remunerative. Then wheat-raising became a most flourishing industry, and now we are told that the yield of vineyards and orchards promises to become of even more importance than the cereal harvest. Nearly 10,000,000 gallons of wine are produced in the State annually. No trustworthy statistics can be obtained as to the total quantity of fruit grown, but the report says that 2,000,000 pounds of dried, 4,080,430 pounds of canned and over 7,000,000 pounds of green fruit came eastward by rail last year. These exports obtained very remunerative prices, the grapes, plums, pears, apricots and peaches being in especial request, and the California orange is also said to be coming into vogue. Only four or five years ago the price of grapes on the spot ranged from $8 to $9 per ton for ordinary sorts, to $15 or $20 for the choice varieties. These prices have already doubled and, as viniculture presents few difficulties in California, those engaged in it are reported to be making splendid profits. Unfortunately, the phylloxera has made its unwelcome appearance in several places, and the California farmers may possibly discover, therefore, that wheat growing pays best, after all.

No amount of good food will fatten geese originally of a mongrel type. The quickest and best to lay on sound flesh are the produce of Embden geese crossed by a Toulouse gander. Do not proceed to fatten suddenly. After giving free range of stubble and grass seeds, confine gradually, and at last wholly, in a partially dark place. Wheat and barley grain, and barley meal with brewers' grains, fatten well. Goslings may be put up to fatten at five or six weeks; seven weeks should bring them to perfection. Indian meal is also good, and turnip and mangel tops are also greatly relished. Ponds are not required, but large troughs of water should stand about in the shade. —*American Cultivator.*

When cows gnaw rotten wood, old bones, etc., it is an indication that they are not getting phosphate enough. Milch cows rapidly exhaust land of phosphates, and in time pastures become so exhausted of this material that the grass produced does not satisfy the cows. There are two remedies: First, feed small quantities of bone meal to the cows twice a week; second, spread on the pastures 500 pounds of ground bone to the acre—this is much the best remedy, because it greatly improves the pasture by increasing the quantity as well as the quality of grass, and it is the most natural way to supply the wants of the cow.

A California correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker* uses the almond as a stock for the peach, apricot and for prunes. The grafts grow with great vigor, nearly all making a growth of ten feet the first year, with side branches from one to four feet. They were shortened back to keep them within bounds the second year, and all except the apricots bore well the third year. Many years ago we employed the hardy bitter almond in New York as a stock for the peach, as not being liable to the attacks of the grub, but the advantages gained hardly paid for the trouble, and the practice was given up. There is no question, however, that it would be better for this purpose than the plum.

Sixteen hundred American revolvers were recently ordered for the South Australian police forces.

Some Fashionable Beauties.

The "professional beauty" is no new feature of the London season; and though photography has no doubt done much to give publicity to the charms of the loveliest women in the ranks of fashion, yet in the days of our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers the reigning belles excited just as much vulgar curiosity and gossip as they do now. Take, for example, the Gunnings, Maria and Elizabeth, who appeared at the Court of George II., one at the age of eighteen and the other of nineteen, and both without a shilling to their dowry. "They are declared," writes Walpole, "to be the handsomest women alive; they can't walk in the Park or go to Vauxhall but such crowds follow them that they are generally driven away." One day they went to see the Hampton Court; as they were going into the Beauty Room another party arrived; the housekeeper, in a state of great excitement, said to the newcomers, "This way, ladies, here are famous beauties!" The Misses Gunning thereupon flew into a passion, and asked her what she meant; they went to see the palace, and not to be shown as a sight themselves.

The youngest of two sisters became the wife of James, Duke of Hamilton; he fell in love with her at a masquerade, and a fortnight later met her at an assembly in Lord Chesterfield's gorgeous new house in Mayfair. His Grace was so enamored of the lovely Elizabeth that he left the faro-table, where he had staked a thousand guineas, and "let the game slide; whilst he paid devoted court to his enchantress. Two nights later, at half an hour past midnight, they were married by Dr. Keith with the ring of a bedcurtain in Mayfair Chapel, one of the most hasty and eccentric marriages on record. In less than three weeks Maria Gunning followed her sister's example, and was wedded to Lord Coventry, though not with such indecent haste as in the other case.

The two beauties were even greater objects of popular curiosity after marriage than before. When the Duchess of Hamilton was presented, the crowd at the drawing-room was so great that even "noble persons" clambered upon chairs and tables to look at her; whilst mobs gathered round the doors of the two "goddesses" to see them get into their sedan-chairs; and such crowds flocked to see the Duchess when she went to her castle that 700 persons sat up all night in a Yorkshire town in order to see her start in her post-chaise the next morning!

Lady Coventry was equally run after; at Worcester a shoemaker made two guineas and a half by showing, at a penny a head, the shoe which he was making for the Countess. She had, however, little but her beauty to recommend her: it was she who made the singularly *maladroit* remark to his Majesty that the one sight she longed to see was a coronation. Her husband, who was a sensible man in many respects, though somewhat of a bear in manners, objected strongly to her ladyship's excessive use of red and white powders and paints; and once at a large dinner-party, suspecting that she had been "masking herself up," he chased his wife round the table till he caught her, when, before all the company, he scrubbed her face with a napkin. When Lady Coventry visited Paris she expected that her beauty would meet with the applause which followed her and her sister through England; but she was put to flight by another English lady, still more lovely in the eyes of the Parisians. A certain Mrs. Pitt took a box at the opera opposite the Countess, and was so much handsomer than her ladyship that the *parterre* cried out that this was the real English angel; whereupon Lady Coventry quitted Paris in a huff. Not long afterward she died of consumption, accelerated, it is said, by the red and white paint with which she plastered those luckless charms of hers.

The Christian Heroism of De Long and his Men.

Too often happens that discipline vanishes among shipwrecked men, and that the selfish desire for life leads to inhumanity, if not to actual crime. There is no such stain in the story of the crew of the Jeannette. Lieutenant De Long seems to have maintained his authority unquestioned to the last, and his men evidently shared his generous spirit. For days they dragged a sick comrade with them lashed to a sled, and never seemed to have thought of abandoning him in order to increase their own chances of reaching a settlement. The officers and men never manifested the slightest hesitation between duty and selfishness. They clung together and helped one another loyally while living, and so long as the survivors had strength their dead comrades were given Christian burial. There was apparently no difference in the bearing and devotion of De long the American, Erick the Dane, or Ah Sam the Chinaman. Every man of the little band was a hero, knowing how to do his duty and doing it with unflinching faithfulness.

In their distress the shipwrecked men turned for help to God. In De Long's diary there is constant mention of religious services. When the faithful Alexy was dying the surgeon baptised him, and when all hope had gone we are told that "all united in saying the Lord's Prayer and Creed." The humble, cheerful trust in God and submission to His will, of which De Long's diary gives constant evidence, shows us that it was a band of Christian heroes that perished in the Siberian snow.

Bitterly as we may at first sight regret that so many noble lives have been lost, the men of the Jeannette's crew did not die in vain. Their fate suggests that beautiful passage in the Prayer Book where we thank God for those who have departed this life in His fear. De Long and his men have made us prouder of our humanity. They have shown us to what sublime heights of heroism educated officers and ignorant seamen can alike attain. They have given an example of calm and cheerful performance of duty which is without price. They have shown us once more that faith in God can survive all suffering. Let us thank God for the life and death of these heroic men. It is impossible that their heroism can fail to bear its priceless and perennial fruit.

Domestic Tastes of German Birds.

It has long become a recognized fact that the small birds, once supposed to be the brigands of the field and the orchard, are really their very best guardians and protectors. The most destructive campaign against the crops of the agriculturist is not carried on by the hundred and odd birds whom he chances to see, but by the millions of grubs whom he does not see, but who never escape the detection of the little winged police. This fact has become a matter of such general acceptance in the fruit districts of Southern Germany that the cultivator now does his utmost to attract and encourage the very birds which his father and grandfather sought to frighten and destroy. In many orchards, artificial nests are now erected, which stand like "houses to let," rent free until the end of the season, in the hope that they may be adopted and inhabited by some winged couple in search of a home where they can educate their young, and find plenty of good food for themselves and their nestlings. The practice has become so extensive that the Hildesheim Society for the Protection of Animals, which has been a pioneer in the protest against the cruel and mischievous slaughter of these voluntary helpers of the cultivator, has issued a very interesting publication upon the architecture and location of artificial nests. The farmer is first of all reminded that different birds require different sorts of houses. The presence of starlings is found to be of inestimable use in the orchards. The chief demand of this little householder is to have a door opened toward the east or southeast. The starling seems to be a sun-worshipper; in any case he delights to thrusts his head out of the *flug-loch*—his door of flight—and sing his morning hymn to the rising sun. If the awkward human architect has built a nest with a *flug-loch* opening toward the west, he will either find that the house remains "unlet," or that the tenant will hastily vacate it upon the first heavy rain, as the rain drives into the interior with the west winds, and drenches the inmates. A starling, also, is easily satisfied; he will not object to inhabit one among a terrace of nests. He goes long distances in search of his food, and rarely comes into conflict with rival hunters. Consequently, whole rows of artificial nests for starlings may be built, with a probability of their being inhabited. The proper site for a terrace of starling's nests is at about twenty to thirty feet from the ground, on a house wall or a large tree.

With nearly all other species of small birds, on the contrary, a detached villa is greatly in demand. As a rule, they object to neighbors. This is particularly the case with those who seek their food close to their own home. They look upon every neighbor as a potential poacher. If the architect is drawing up a plan for a tom-tit's house—the tom-tit being a very desirable tenant for the lord of the orchard—he must pay special attention to the size of the *flug-loch*, or front door. Unless the door is made exceedingly small, that winged burglar, the sparrow, the most unprincipled of all the small birds, is sure to force his way into the tom-tit's house. A nest for a tom-tit should never be built in an open situation, nor on trees which are late in their leafage, such as the acacia. The Hildesheim Society recommends the fig-tree as the locality most likely to attract the shy little bird. The nests should not be placed higher than fifteen feet from the ground. The red-starts, fly-catchers and water-wagtails demand very open houses, and scarcely anything like a door. They prefer light and open places, and nests intended to attract them should be built upon the house walls. The Hildesheim Society reminds all builders that the principal enemy against whom they have to be on the watch is the cat; hence it is advised to cease the construction of nests upon palings, which is now so widely adopted.

Fashion Briefs.

Ficelle lace in wide fan-pleatings with smaller fans above of ivory-white pleated lace are worn as throat bows.

Venetian lace three inches wide forms a flat border for neckerchiefs of light silk. The scalloped edges are turned upward.

Large fichus of mull are embroidered in Irish point designs, having one edge much wider wrought than the other.

New full-dress gloves are undressed kid, embroidered with chenille and decorated with minute butterflies in gold or silver thread.

Dotted and plain mull are very popular this season; so also the striped mull in white. Tinted mulls are not so fashionable as white.

Daffodils, dandelions, yellow tulips and buttercups are the fashionable flower of the hair. White lilies are the choice for house decoration.

A few sateen dresses have appeared with painted flowers and some with crotonne, and stamped velveteen flowers cut out and applied skillfully with silks.

Velvet grenadines, showing great roses or peonies of black velvet on sheer armure grenadine, are made up over geranium red satin, with flounces of real Spanish lace.

Irish point embroidery in ecru or whiter tints is much used for turned-over collars, with a neck ribbon and bow of colored moire. The cuffs to match have smaller bows.

Sateen and fine French cambrics are more in demand than summer goods of any other description. Ginghams are reduced in price and very attractive in colors and patterns.

Often the virtue of a woman must be very great, since it has to suffice for two.

How Arthur Sullivan Bought a Carpet.

He bought a carpet in Alexandria, and the purchase took him three months. One morning, so runs Dr. Sullivan's narrative, he was passing by one of the bazaars where tapestries and such things are sold, when a particularly handsome and rich fabric caught his eye. He went in, and, after pretending to look over a lot of things which in reality he did not want, he said to the man who solemnly presided over the place. "And what is the price of that carpet?"

"That," responded the dealer, "is not for sale. I purchased that particular carpet at a great cost, to feast my own eyes upon. It is magnificent—superb. I could not part with that. No, by Allah!" or words to that effect. "Will the English gentleman have a cup of coffee?" The English gentleman would. He would also have a cigarette. After that, he went away. In a day or two he came around again, and once more made the pretence of looking through Macdallah's stock. He had obviously failed to fool the sly Egyptian before as to the article he really wanted, so he took more time to it upon this occasion. As he expected, the sedate owner of the bazaar finally approached him. "I have concluded, after several sleepless nights," said the merchant, "to part with that carpet. It grieves me very much to do so, for I have become very fond of it. I had hoped that it would be the light of my eyes in my old age. But the Prophet has counselled unselfishness among his people, and I will sell to the English gentleman."

"How much?"

"One hundred pounds."

"Nonsense. I'll give you £5."

The Egyptian's dignity was obviously wounded. An expression of absolute pain crossed his face. But he forgave Dr. Sullivan, and they had another cup of coffee and cigarette together. Then Dr. Sullivan went away, as before. In a week or so he dropped around again. After going through the regular business of looking over the stock, he was again approached by Macdallah.

"I have concluded, after much thought," said that worthy, "that I asked you too much for the carpet the other day. When Macdallah feels he is in the wrong, he is quick to acknowledge it. The English gentleman can have the beautiful carpet for £90."

"Now you acknowledge your error," replied Mr. Sullivan, "I will confess that I was wrong in offering you only £5 for your carpet the other day. I did that in joke, of course. I didn't mean it. Bless you, no. And since you are prepared to make confession, I will do the same. Instead of £5, I will give you £6."

More coffee and another cigarette. The next time Dr. Sullivan went around, the merchant took off £5 more, and the purchaser added £1. So it went on, with haggling and coffee, until Dr. Sullivan had finally agreed to give £12, at which price he took away the carpet. It would have cost about $250 in London. He says that the kind of business mentioned is considered the strictly proper thing in Egypt and Turkey. But Americans, he adds, are spoiling the trade in this direction. While he was in Alexandria a gentleman named Morgan, from New York, came along and visited the bazaar of Macdallah. Three carpets struck his fancy and he priced them. "Three hundred pounds," said Macdallah. "Well," replied Mr. Morgan, "that seems a fair price, and I'll take them. Here's your money." The next time Dr. Sullivan saw the merchant he was almost tearing his hair with rage against the "dog of a Christian." He explained the matter in an injured tone to the sympathising Englishman, adding that Mr. Morgan's method was not "business."

Trade and Harvest Prospects.

The general business situation has slightly improved during the past week. It is yet too early for decided activity in buying for fall wants, but country merchants are canvassing the Eastern distributing centres and making memoranda as a guide to future purchases, and there is a general air of preparation and expectancy in the merchandise market. The movement of grain, dairy produce, wool and other country products to the seaboard is steadily increasing, and return shipments of manufactured goods are growing in volume. The plethora of idle capital and the favorable outlook for trade and the crops have encouraged greater speculative activity in stocks, and values of most securities have steadily advanced. The heavy receipts of new crop from the South and West have caused a sharp decline in the price of wheat, but this has encouraged the demand for export, and large sales have been made, principally for August clearance. Transatlantic freight rates have sharply advanced under the stimulus of an increased demand for grain room both by steam and sail. The supply of tonnage at the principal Atlantic ports is very small, and rates are still tending upward. It is worth noting that, in spite of the recent sharp decline in the price of spot wheat, Continental export orders at the rates paid several weeks ago are just as difficult to fill as at that time, because the cost of shipment has meanwhile fully offset the decrease in the cost of the grain. Steamer room that was available a few weeks ago at 5d. is now engaged ahead at 7d.

The industrial situation has not materially changed. Cotton and woolen mills in all sections are busy on the higher grades of production, and, if anything, the position and outlook are better than a week ago, owing to the improving tendency of general trade. Manufacturers are buying wool more freely, but purchases of cotton are made with considerable caution. Values on textiles are generally very firm, and a large demand is in sight. The Eastern iron market is very strong, but the general trade is quieter at all points, and buyers are inclined to caution in the belief of an early resumption of production throughout the West. The strike continues at Pittsburg, in Eastern Ohio, the Shenango Valley and a few other points; but along the Ohio River to St. Louis and at Chicago and Milwaukee the mills are working on a conditional scale. Each party to the contest continues to express confidence in its ability to force submission to its terms. The progress of the harvest and the prospects for growing crops on this side of the Atlantic continue satisfactory and encouraging. The only apparent uncertainty is in regard to corn. Experienced parties estimate the coming crop of Iowa and Illinois at not over one-half an average, and, while this is looked upon as extreme by others it is generally conceded that the shortage will reach a quarter. As Texas and the South generally will have a good corn crop, the drain upon the Northern and Western States for consumption will be much less than last year. The immense hay harvest and the extraordinary oat crop now being cut will also tend to make up for the threatened shortage in the yield of corn. Notwithstanding these favorable features of the outlook the price of "year" corn in Chicago is within 2 to 3c. of the highest point of the season—attesting the popular belief in an absolute shortage as compared with other years. The winter wheat crop so far as harvested is fully equal in quality to the best of former seasons, and in quality will probably come up to the yield of 1880. Although there has been a good deal of rain during the harvest in large sections of the West, the receipts at the seaboard, almost without exception, have passed inspection as the standard grade—No. 2 red. The proportion passing "steamer" or "unsound" is a smaller percentage than for many years. This has had its effect in helping the downward movement of values during the week, as the quantity deliverable on speculative contracts has been largely increased, to the disappointment of parties who had relied partly on interior receipts to sustain prices on the contract grade for July. Harvesting is progressing favorably in northern Ohio, and is about to begin in Michigan. Foreign advices until within a day or two have reported continuous bad weather. The Irish crop is said to have been ruined, and in other parts of the United Kingdom harvesting is very backward. In the cotton belt the weather, as a general thing, has been favorable for the plant, and a continuance of this condition through August, which is the critical month for this staple, will be likely to insure a good average yield.

The Queen of Roumania's "Thoughts."

From selfishness men make severer laws for women than for themselves, without suspecting that by doing so they raise them above themselves.

Forgiveness is almost indifference; while love lasts forgiveness is impossible.

Love is like a squirrel: at once enterprising and timid.

The song of the nightingale and the howling of cats are two manners of expressing the same feeling; but they are not mutually intelligible.

There is but one happiness—duty. There is but one consolation—work. There is but one enjoyment—the beautiful.

Hope is a fatigue ending in a deception.

Happiness is like an echo: it answers to your call, but does not come.

Is the calm you have gained a proof of acquired force or of growing weakness?

A great misfortune gives grandeur even to an insignificant being.

Do not feel proud at having supported your misfortune. How could you not have supported it?

Suffering is our most faithful friend; it is always returning. Often it has changed its dress and even its face; but we can easily recognize it by its cordial and intimate embrace.

Suffering is a heavy plough driven by an iron hand. The harder and more rebellious the soil the more it is turned, the richer and softer the deeper it is cut into.

In youth grief is a tempest which makes you ill; in old age it is only a cold wind which adds a wrinkle to your face and one more white lock to the others.

There are people who feed themselves with their grief until they get fat on it.

In great suffering you shut yourself up like an oyster. To open your heart by force would be to kill you.

Melancholy, when it is not a physical languor, is a kind of convalescence during which one thinks one's self much more ill than during the illness.

Every one of our actions is rewarded or punished, only we do not admit it.

An excellent housewife is always in a state of despair; one would often like the house less perfectly kept and more peaceful.

The kindness or youth is angelic; the kindness of old age is divine.

There is no doubt that thinkers govern the world; and it is quite as certain that the world governs potentates.

Patience is not passive; on the contrary, it is active, it is concentrated strength.

Foolishness places itself in the foremost rank to be observed; intelligence stands in the hindmost to observe.

Decline in Value.

Land in corn-growing parts of England is falling off in value. A small estate in one of the eastern counties, which four years ago was valued at $125,000, was put up at auction three weeks ago, and the highest price offered for it was $45,000. It comprises 490 acres, and was bought in by the Trustees. It is said that in the same part of England much arable land is running to waste for want of capital to pay for labor which it requires. No farming except grazing and dairy farming is said now to pay for the outlays.

A Free Translation.

"But, dear Mrs Landlady, take you, for heaven's sake, one time this disgusting cat by the neck; she moves to me always nearer, and will directly the head in the plate have." Landlady—"O my! she is a dear, modest creature! You see, the plate out of which you eat, that is indeed her accustomed dish, and she knows it so curately and wants to eat with it!"

The "Easy Chair's" First Book.

On reaching his legal majority he decided to go abroad, regarding travel as one of the best means of culture, and within six months he sailed for Europe. He passed a year in Italy most profitably, and then visited Germany, entering the University of Berlin, and witnessing while there the revolutionary scenes of 1848. The two years following he wandered over Southern Europe and through Egypt and Syria, taking many and careful notes of all places visited and all people seen.

Having returned home he prepared a volume, "Nile Notes of a Howadji"—howadji meaning traveller in Arabic—and published it when he was but twenty-five years old.

The book was issued by the Harpers, to one of whom the author showed his manuscripts with eager confidence, only to receive the chilling reply, "We'll look at this, although we've already published several books on the same subject."

This touched the sensibility of the author, who colored as he said: "I do not wish to force my work upon you. I think I'll take it elsewhere."

"You would better leave it for our reader. The fact that we've published books on the same subject would not prevent us from publishing another, if it's good. You must not be so sensitive, young man; and you won't be, I'm sure, when you've lived a little longer. This is your first book, I dare say. Isn't it? Yes? I thought so. First books, like first babies, are always great events. We haven't learned, then, how many books and babies, all equally wonderful at some time to somebody, there have been in the world before ours. I've no doubt your book is fresh and interesting, and if it is we'll get it out for you in good shape."

The words naturally smoothed the ruffled plumage of the aspiring scribe, and he went away in high spirits. He must have smiled very often since at his remark about not wishing to force his work on the Harpers. He obviously did not know the firm then. That professional call was his introduction to the house with which he was afterward to be so long and so intimately associated.

Abraham A Santa Clara.

The popular actress of the Stadt Theatre at Leipzig, Marie Knauff, publishes in a German contemporary some interesting recollections of two eminent poets and critics, the late Franz von Dingelstedt and Dr. Carl Gutzkow. Dingelstedt was manager of the Weimar Theatre when she made her appearance on that famous stage. Her friend Dr. Gutzkow, gave her a much needed-lecture on the faulty pronunciation of many actresses and advised her to spend some time in an exercise, which seemed to her at first to be childish, but the value of which she afterward discovered—the proper utterance of the vowels. He advised her, with a view to obtain finish and completeness in the utterance of A, to devote half an hour every day to the declamation of the name of the renowned humorous preacher, "Abraham a Santa Clara." She was told to declaim this series of eight connected A's in a full tone and a half tone, alternately.

She was lodging in the "Erbprinz" Hotel. The first day on which she began her curious exercise, she had uttered "Abraham a Santa Clara" about fifty times when she was startled by a loud knocking at her door. The Kellner appeared, and told her that her neighbor in the next room had been greatly alarmed. He was a sober commercial traveller, and had rushed down into the dining-room, where the guests were seated at dinner, informing them that the young actress had gone stark mad, and was calling out Abraham! Abraham!" Dingelstedt was not present at dinner; but early the next day he called upon her that all the guests in the "Erbprinz" were in great anxiety about her, and he wanted to know what moved her to spend her time "in these eccentric Biblical studies?" She gave him an account of Dr. Gutzkow's advice. The manager observed that the practice was good on the whole, but that it had a certain danger about it. The piece in which she was to appear was "Kabale and Liebe," and if she was not very watchful over herself, she would be surprised when upon the stage with calling out "Abraham!" instead of "Ferdinand!"

Notes and Queries.

Stipulation.

Canon Farrar (Language and Languages, p. 204) observes: "How often do people when they 'make a stipulation' recall the fact that the origin of the expression is a custom, *dead for centuries*, of giving a straw [*stipula*] in sign of a completed bargain?" In the manor of Winteringham, North Lincolnshire, this custom, far from being dead, obtains at the present time. A straw is always inserted "according to the custom of the manor," in the top of every surrender (a paper document) of copyhold lands there; and the absence of this straw would render the whole transaction null and void.

A copy of the first edition of Montaigne's *Essays* (two volumes, 1580) recently came into the hands of M. Emile Lalanne, a learned gentleman of Bordeaux, who has found in it a large number of MS. notes identical with the corrections carried in out the second edition (1583). From an examination of the hand-writing, and from other significant circumstances, it would appear almost certain that these are the actual alterations made for the press by Montaigne himself, who was at the time Mayor of Bordeaux. M. Lalanne has generously offered to present the book to the public library of that town.

Five thousand Babylonian tablets (many of them in an excellent state of preservation), discovered by Mr. Rassam in the mounds of Abu-Habba, are on their way to the British Museum. Abu-Habba, is the site of Sippara, the Sepharvaim of the Old Testament. It is not impossible that this find represents the library of Sargon I., whose date is commonly given as 2,600 B. C.

Sanitary.

Croup.—There are an innumerable number of receipts floating around the papers, and as some of them may be useful we make it a point to publish the best of them. The following is another remedy for the croup. It is said that croup can be cured in one minute. The remedy is simply alum. Take a knife or grater, and shave or grate off in small particles about a teaspoonful of alum; mix it with about twice its quantity of sugar, and administer as quickly as possible.

Fresh Air as Good Exercise.—The want of sedentary men is air rather than exercise. The evil is not done to the constitution by sitting so much as by sitting in stuffy rooms. An hour a day in a garden would benefit them as much as would a severe country walk. An hour passed in strolling in the air, for mental fatigue, is better than an hour's strong exercise; while an hour of close mental application in a stuffy, over-heated room, perhaps full of the fumes of gas, will "take it out of you" more than a whole day of the same strenuous work in a room with open windows, or with free ventilation, or so large that the air is not perceptibly affected by those who breathe it.

Hot Milk as a Restorative.—Milk that is heated to much above 100 degrees Fahrenheit loses for the time a degree of its sweetness and its density; but no one fatigued by over-exertion of body and mind, who has ever experienced the reviving influence of a tumbler of this beverage, heaten as hot as it can be sipped, will willingly forego a resort to it because of its having been rendered somewhat less acceptable to the palate. The promptness with which its cordial influence is felt is indeed surprising. Some portions of it seem digested and appropriated almost immediately, and many who fancy they need alcholic stimulants when exhausted by labor of brain or body will find this simple draught an equivalent that shall be abundantly satisfying and more enduring in its effects.

A Few Sanitary Errors.—To labor when you know you are not in a fit condition to do so. To think the more a person eats the healthier and stronger he will become. To go to bed at midnight and rise at daybreak, and imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained. To imagine that if a little work or exercise is good, violent or prolonged exercise is better. To conclude that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in. To eat as if you only had a minute to finish the meal in, or to eat without an appetite, or to continue after it has been satisfied, merely to satisfy the taste. To believe that children can do as much work as grown people, and that the more hours they study the more they learn. To imagine that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better (as alcoholic stimulants) is good for the system, without regard to the ulterior effects. To take off proper clothing out of season, simply because you have become heated. To sleep exposed to a direct draught in any season. To eat a hearty supper at the expense of a whole night of disturbed sleep, and weary waking in the morning.

The Food and Labor Market.

A variety of circumstances seems to point to the conclusion that the next twelve months will be an era of comparatively high prices. Notwithstanding that abundant crops of hay, oats, and wheat, and at least an average one of corn, are now assured, food is likely to continue as compared with the average of the past years. The partial failure of the wheat, corn and grass crops of last year, together with the severity of the preceding winter, so diminished the reserves and sources of supply of all human food in the form of breadstuffs and meats that it will take a good while to restore the stocks of these things to the level of eighteen months ago, even in this country, to say nothing about the necessities of Europe. The wheat from the new crop has been coming into the market now for nearly a month and yet the the visible supply of wheat as shown by the stocks in store, at the twenty principal cities of the United States, has diminished each week, until on July 15th it was only 8,947,865 bushels against 10,555,446 on June 24th, and 14,823,392 on July 16th, 1881. Of corn there was, on July 15th, a total visible supply of only 6,000,134 bushels against 9,385,100 on June 17th, and 15,979,164 on July 16th, 1881, and of oats only 1,312,849 against 1,978,975 on July 17th. The demand for consumption in this country has also been increased by immigration and the natural increase of population, to the extent of nearly two million more mouths to feed than eighteen months ago. Turning now to Europe, it is tolerably certain that the grain crops of Great Britain and France will be below an average this year, and also that some of the other countries which have supplied Western Europe with at least a part of their imports of food will not be able to give them much during the next twelve months. Australia, on account of the great drouth which has prevailed there, and Egypt, on account of the disorganization of industry by the war, will not furnish their usual supplies. Food therefore is likely to continue comparatively high for the next year. The situation affects the labor market also. Men work that they may live and when food advances their wages must also or they starve. We may, if the situation expected is realized, prepare for an increase in the agitation over wages, and strikes and lockouts will be common. The rulers of States and cities will have to be exceedingly circumspect to prevent trouble with the demagogues who jump into every labor agitation.

A new grenadine gauze woolen fabric reproduces all the popular designs in Spanish lace. It is used for overdresses. It is only half the price of the real Spanish piece lace.

A flat scarf of Venetian lace is formed into a graceful fichu by being placed straight across the back, gathered at the throat by a moire bow, and having the ends flat and hanging in the front.

A SONG FOR WOMEN

Within a dreary, narrow room,
That looks out upon a noisome street,
Half fainting with the stifling heat,
A starving girl works out her doom.
Yet not the less to God's sweet air
The little birds sing free of care,
And hawthorns blossom everywhere.

Swift ceaseless toil scarce winneth bread;
From early dawn till twilight falls,
Shut in by four dull, ugly walls,
The hours crawl round with murderous tread.
And all the while, in some still place,
Where intertwining boughs embrace,
The black birds build, time flies apace.

With some of the folk who die
Who may at last their leisure take,
Whose longed-for sleep none roughly wake,
Tired hands the restless needle ply,
But far and wide in meadows green
The golden buttercups are seen,
And reddening sorrel nods between.

Too pure and proud to sell her soul
Or stoop to basely gotten gain,
By days of changeless want and pain
The seamstress earns a prisoner's dole,
While in the peaceful fields the sheep
Feel quiet, and through heaven's blue deep
The silent cloud-wings stainless sweep.

And if she be alive or dead
That weary woman scarcely knows.
But back and forth her needle goes
In tune with throbbing heart and head.
Lo, where the leaning alders part,
White-bosomed swallows, blithe of heart,
Above still waters skim and dart.

O God in Heaven! shall I, who share
That dying woman's womanhood,
Taste all the summer's bounteous good
Unburdened by her weight of care?
The whitened moon-daisies star the grass,
The lengthening shadows o'er them pass,
The meadow pool is smooth as glass.

A Leaf Out of Milady's Life.

In an exquisitely appointed dressing room standing before her oheval glass is a lady, viewing with careless glance the perfect image the mirror with truthful painting sends back, as the maid bent on one knee fastens a spray of flowers more securely on the sweep of her mistress's train.

"Well, Jeanette," Milady says in her soft voice. "Shall I do?"

The very air of the room seems to echo back the words in sheer mockery. "Shall she do?" Let us look into the mirror and answer it for ourselves. She is tall and slender, every curve—for there are no angles—showing a neat beauty in the lithe svelt figure, her shoulders smooth as polished marble rise in their soft fairness from the lightly fitting purple dress from which they are separated by folds of rich old lace whose yellowness makes Madame seem almost fair. Tumbling over her neck is a mass of wavy, curling, dusky hair, that is only kept in place by a few pearls, which are indeed the only ornaments she wears. Her eyes are oblong, liquid and dreamy. Eyes that you find in a seraglio but rarely elsewhere. The tiny shell-like ears, the delicately chiseled nostrils, the lovely mouth that seems made only to be kissed, might all belong to a Hebe, nay even to a Venus, but none of them contained character; to find that you must look at the broad, low forehead, with its straight pencilled brows, the rather too heavy lower jaw and chin, at the constant nervous action of the small, well-shaped hands that betrays her before she speaks. There lay the signs telling too well their story, and to a close observer showing Madame's traits as if they were written before, them and I fear if they were they would have found more imperfections there than in the picture like face.

"Ah! Madame, you are perfect," the maid cries. Milady smiles, a slow languid smile that lights up the velvety depths of her eyes before it reaches her lips, as turning she sinks into a low fauteuil before the fire.

"My letters, Jeanette, and then tell the musicians to play the waltz from "Faust" as the opening dance."

The maid obeys and then silently leaves the room.

"To-night he will return to me, he will forgive all, I know, and the strains of the first waltz I ever danced with him shall speak to him before he even sees me." The smile has not left her lips and a happy contented look is on her face as she carelessly opens her letters and as carelessly reads and casts aside until one coroneted and with a faint perfume still lingering about it meets her hand.

"Ah! from Lina," she says pleasedly as breaking the seal she reads the following lines:

From the Lady Lina Chesterton
To the
Countess of Aryleton.

Dear old Loys,

I have such lots to tell you. I am engaged, nay, more, before you get this I shall be married; now don't scold because I really could not tell you before, as it has only been settled a few days, and Loys how shall I own it—but I am so awfully in love with him, I never thought I could like any one as much—oh! if you could only see him, he is so tall and handsome; and what a great silly you will think me if I rattle on in this style. However, even at the risk of those eyes of yours lighting up with scorn at my rhapsodies—you who have a heart as cold to men as the snow on Mt. Blanc—I must go on for I want you to know him as I do, dear. Long ago, Loys, he loved one else, he told me all about it, so frankly, the other day, loved her as perhaps he may never love me, with all the strength of his soul. She must have been so handsome; in your style; only more beautiful, if possible, but after winning his love it seems Marco—he gave her that title as he did not care to tell me her real name—although she may have cared for him, her affection was not strong enough for her to overcome her fault of coquettry. This habit or trait—for honestly I dare say she meant no harm—caused frequent quarrels between them and in her wilfulness she would not listen to her lover's pleading. At last a very wealthy nobleman came upon the scene. The said gentleman was excessively exclusive, and in fact a misogenist. Learning this, Marco set herself to work to subjugate his heart, nothing would please her vanity but that he must lay the offering of his love at her feet. Guy forbade her to speak to him and finally, finding remonstrances or threats powerless, told her to choose between them. The lady in her haughtiness would not answer him, and hot with anger and jealousy he left London. Before quitting the city he wrote telling Marco all he was suffering and saying that if she would write to him within a week to come back he would come, but if he did not hear he would conclude that her love had not been as great as his. She never wrote. Guy came to Venice, we met, my dear, it was the old story of time and opportunity, not very complimentary to me perhaps, but eminently satisfactory. I am so happy that I fairly tremble for fear my chateaux will prove an Espagne and crumble to ruins before my eyes. This morning something odd occurred. We were out on the porch when the English mail arrived. There was nothing for me, but one for Guy; as he took it I saw a look creep into his eyes I had never seen there before, as a dull red mounted his forehead. Quicker than I can tell you the envelope was torn off, and with eager glance he removed the contents, as he read the color faded from his face until he was ashen. The note only contained a few lines, but Guy read them over and over again until they must have burned themselves into his brain never to be erased, then the paper dropped from his nerveless grasp and without a word he left me. Was it dishonorable? I can't help it then; I lifted that note and read every word. It said: "My own darling Garth, forgive my past pride and way wardness in this acknowledgement of my love for you. Ah, I hunger so to see you again; forgive me, Garth, and come to me." That was all, no signature, but I knew it was from Marco. Do you know, Loys, if I did not know that you two were strangers I would have said that the queer decided writing was in your hand. Pshaw! I must stop now for my fiance, Guy Garth, Lord Maylere, is calling me. Good-bye old girl."

Lina.

The letter fluttered from the hand of the Countess to the floor, the lovely mobile face is drawn and white, it seems as though she were suffering pain so intense as to render her powerless of motion. In the drawing room beneath, the sound of the waltz from Faust is heard, the seductively sweet strains rising with even cadence, breaking the frightful stillness of the room. Milady draws a long, deep breath as shudderingly she lifts her hands to her bosom and draws from behind its screens of lace where it has lain upon her breast, a diamond locket. As she catches the scintillating sparkle of the gems she smiles a slow, bitter smile, after a momentary hesitation she touches a spring and the case flies open, disclosing a man's face. With a passionate gesture she lifts it to her lips as though the painted ivory could feel and respond to the caress.

"And I have lost you," she moans, a world of agony in her voice. "Lost you, and for what?"

Again the music rises to her ear with louder sound. Milady starts to her feet.

"My God," she cries, "will that dance never cease. Oh, Garth, Garth!"

Her slight form sways for an instant to and fro and then with a dull thud she falls to the floor; a dark red stream wells up to her lips and creeps on to the carpet, staining it with her life's blood. It is thus her servants find her, her dead, cold hand grasping the portrait of the only man she ever loved, while the ever sweet music of the waltz from Faust still lingers on the air.

A Cow Sold for $2500.

Bertha Morgan, of Wawa Farm, Bought by a Canadian.

Wawa Farm, at Junction Station, fifteen miles west of Philadelphia on the West Chester and Philadelphia railroad, recently received special distinction from one of the best judges of fine-bred cattle in all Canada. Mr. Edward Worth, the proprietor of Wawa, is a Philadelphian and an admirer of Jersey cattle. He has collected quite a choice herd, headed by a grandly-bred bull, son of Regina 2d, one of the best cows ever bred upon the Isle of Jersey. Another one of the animals was Bertha Morgan, whose get promises to be in considerable demand. The latter cow Mr. Worth highly prized. Tempting offers have frequently been made for her, but they were as often refused. Mr. V. E. Fuller, the President of the Cattle Club of Canada, however, saw in Bertha Morgan qualities rarely possessed by any Jersey. Negotiations were at once made for her purchase, and finally the cow was sold to him for $2500. The family antecedents of Bertha Morgan are rather remarkable. Her dam has a record of 18 pounds of butter in seven days; her sister, Molly Brown, 16 pounds; her daughter, Lydia Darrach, 16 pounds, while Bertha in a full test made 19 pounds 6 ounces butter in seven days and gave 44 pounds of milk a day. The whole family are alike in soft, thin skins, silky hair, deep carcass and well-formed udders, and are undoubtedly deep, rich milkers.

Bertha Morgan is about 9 years old, of solid color. Her sire was Lopez, a bull imported by Lopez Barnes, of Connecticut, and her dam was Patterson's Beauty, owned by Mr. John Patterson, of this city, and proprietor of the Glen Cavin farm, in Wallace township, Chester county. The dam is an unusually fine cow. Beauty was sired by imp. Bijou (65, R. J. H. H.), dam imp. Arlene. The latter was imported by Colonel Patterson, of Baltimore, about fifteen years ago, and with Beauty, who was imported in dam, was sold to Mr. John Patterson for $1000.

Relics of Napoleon.

A French collector of bric-a-brac recently in the Rouen curiosity shop stumbled upon two autographs of the first Napoleon. They are enclosed in an oval medallion of black wood and read as follows: "Relic—Private letter from Napoleon to Prince Eugene. Brought from St. Helena by Dr. O'Meara in the sole of his shoe. Should he see my good Louise, I beg that she will permit him to kiss her hand. The 26th July, 1818. Napoleon." And on the other side. "I hope that Lascases will see that this obligation is repaid in some way or another. 5th January, 1818. Napoleon."

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Desirous of reducing our stock, we shall offer our customers, on **Monday, June 19, 1882**:

A Full Line of Gents' All-Wool Suits at $8.00. former price, $11.00

A Full Line of All-Wool Suits at $10.00, former price, $12.50.

A Full Line of All-Wool Suits at $12.50, former price, $15.00.

☞A few more of those All-Wool Indigo Blue Suits left, $8.00.

☞A full line of **Boys' Suits**, at $1.00, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 3.50; former prices from $3.00 to 7.00.

The largest stock of Gents' and Youths' **Fine Fur, Straw and Manilla Hats** to be found in the State, at reduced prices.

Gentlemen's Fine Furnishings of every description at reduced prices.

Mexican Hammocks, the best known in the world, white or colored, full size and full weight, at $1 50.

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It is our custom at this season of the year to make a clearing out sale in order to make room for our Fall and Winter Importations. To enable us to do this, we have made a great reduction of prices throughout our entire stock which now contains many special bargains such as we have never before offered.

Our great success and increase of business since we adopted the ONE PRICE System is very gratifying and assures us that the public fully appreciate the Low Prices that always rule at our establishment.

We are determined to sustain the reputation of selling Dry Goods lower than at any other store in the State, and to make our name a household word in every family. We only ask you to examine our large stock and secure some of the many bargains that this sale affords.

Unbleached Cottons for 4 cents per yard; a lot of Best Cocheco Prints for 6 1-4 cents per yard; Dress Goods, 36 inches wide, formerly sold at 37 1-2, now 15 cents.

We have made arrangements to have a good supply of those Bleached Cottons in 2 lb. bundles that are so very cheap and so much sought after. Only 50 cents for the bundle.

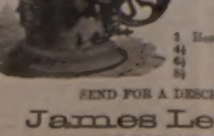
All our Dress Goods at wonderfully Low Prices. Choice Scotch Styles in Ginghams only 10 cents per yard. All Wool Cashmeres only 22 cents per yard.

These are only a few of the many good bargains that we can show you. We shall be glad to wait upon you and assure you that our prices defy competition.

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SEND FOR A DESCRIPTIVE PAMPHLET.

James Leffel & Co.,
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MEMORIAL SERMON

Delivered before O. W. Keyes Post, No. 35, of Ashland, Department of N. H. G. A. R., by Rev. Daniel Davis, of New Hampton, at the F. W. Baptist Church, Ashland, Sunday, May 28th, 1882.

A few years since in one of the old cities of Europe, a building which had been standing for a thousand years, was torn down; in its walls was found a casket of perfume as fragrant as when placed there. Comrades, as we to-day open memory's casket the associations and deeds of those fallen comrades, with whom we shared defeat and victory, are as fresh and fragrant in our minds as years ago when we were passing through these scenes which tested our courage and loyalty. Twenty years ago the ominous sounds of war filled the air and in the words of the poet came the command to every patriot:

Lay down the axe, fling by the spade;
Leave in its track the toiling plough;
The rifle and the bayonet blade,
For arms like yours were fitter now;
And let the hands that ply the pen,
Quit their light task and learn to wield,
The horseman's crooked brand, and rein,
The charger on the battlefield.

It is an understood principle in philosophy that the pebble thrown into the sea will produce its undulations as the sea endures, and that the blow struck will transmit its vibrations through all succeeding ages. So with the words and deeds of our fallen comrades. All that was mortal of them is dead, but they are nevertheless alive. The popular idea is that when a man dies his work ceases. This in one sense is true, but in another it is not true. You may cover up a man's body in the grave but you cannot confine his influence to these narrow limits. Man's character is immortal, his words and actions reverberate through all succeeding ages, and their echoes are repeated amid the solemn scenes of eternity. Man, as he passes through the world, inscribes his name in imperishable lines upon its tablets, which will be read and re-read by those who come after him, and every reading will make its impression for weal or woe. It is true of every man that has slept in death from Adam, that he being dead yet speaketh, no matter where he lived, or when he died; departing this life, we transmit an influence to our successors which can never be extinguished. The Author of our being has so linked us in association with those around us, that we must necessarily live and act in and through them when our bodies shall have returned to dust; such is the law of our being, and from this law there is no appeal. We know the anxiety of men to be remembered after death—warriors, statesmen, poets, philosophers, and divines— all are the subjects of this aspiration. It seems to be an inherent element in our nature, and is cherished to a greater or less extent by all.

Our dear brave associates will be remembered. No monument may mark the spot where their bodies lie, but they have been raising monuments, all through life more enduring than marble; and although they have fallen, and turned to dust these monuments will live and speak, too, with a power that shall mould and fashion human character and give direction to human destiny. I know that to-day raises a monument in your hearts to their memory that will endure as long as life shall last. How easy it is for us to call up the recollection of those fallen ones; with whom we tented, marched through the clinging mud, and suffocating dust, the picket line, the skirmish and the charge, the groans of the wounded and dying still sound in our ears. Oh, Comrades! how vividly at times these scenes come before us.

I see on scores of camping grounds,
The little shelter tents;
The blazing fire of oaken rails
From off the nearest fence.
I see the bivouac at night,
The sleep in open air,
As sound and sweet as though at home;
No weather foul or fair.

I see the boys around the fires,
At morning, noon and night,
Cooking the coffee and their pork.
It was a pleasant sight.
Our food was nothing extra, but
Believe me when I tell
I'd like to eat a meal these days
I relish half as well.

I see the boys around the fires
Enjoy their evening's smoke,
With chat about the day's events;
With story, song and joke.
Ah, happy hours were those! 'twas then
Our sufferings we forgot,
Nor thought that ere the morrow night
Some of us might be shot.

I see the skirmish through the woods,
And see the faces glow,
As from behind the trees they peer
To catch the sight of foe.
I hear the balls "zip" through the trees,
And hear the rifles crack.
At times the boys are moving on,
At times they're falling back.

We had no hate for those brave men,
Our foemen in the fight,
We knew they felt as well as we
That they were in the right.
And we'll have respect for any, who
For right would risk his life,
E'en though he stood in arms arrayed
Against us in the fight.

Yes, comrades, this day revives the memories of the dark scenes through which we passed, and, it asks us to pause as we shed a tear and pay a tribute, to our gallant comrades who have gone down to soldiers' graves that the dear old flag might live; and think what it teaches. It teaches us the duty that we owe to the common country. It teaches us all, or it should teach us all, what are the blessings that we owe to that dear old flag that waved in triumph. It may have been furled in transient defeat, but thank God, it was never trailed in dishonor. There were lessons taught in that conflict that must never be forgotten, lessons which if forgotten or neglected, will again plunge the nation into war. That States have rights under our Constitution, guaranteed to them, not in conflict with the general authority of the goverment, no one will deny, but for a state or community to set itself up against general goverment, is treason.

How grateful we should be for the triumph of those principles which recognize the "brotherhood of man" and prevailing as they do in this country bring peace and prosperity. If we turn from our own continent, and cross the ocean, if we go to mother England, what a sad condition England is in today, with her great constitution, with her christian creed, with her flag on every sea, under every sky, with her great parliament, with her distinguished ministry, with her rapt poets, with her eloquent orators, her splendid scholars; England, the mistress of the seas; England, whose civilization is every where, England, that today should be the freest and the happiest nation on the globe. But look at England; oppressed in her finances, her laboring classes groaning beneath their heavy burdens, thousands of her artisans packing up their tools, gathering their families, and turning their faces to Columbia's land. With struggling Ireland continualy goading, she is obliged to support an immense standing army. Here in this country we dispense, for the most part, with regular soldiers and rely upon the patriotism and energy of our citizens, and, in the great trial which came upon us in 1861 we found that reliance did not fail us. For the first time in the history of the world it was demonstrated that a republic could safely trust in the loyalty of its citizens. Other republics have been military in their character; the only republics known to-day in foreign countries are military in their nature, but ours is a republic that rests on the loyalty of its citizens; that trusts in them, that when exigency shall arise they will come forth to do their duty. In those dark hours of civil war how faithfully did the men whom we see here today, rally to the defense of their country and its flag. To-day standing with such memories pressing upon us, with the names of the honored fresh in our minds, let us remember and have the thought sink deeper than ever in our memory, that such men as these have given their lives for us, our country and our homes. Let us then be true to the principle represented in them. "Soldiers," said the great Napoleon, when his army first caught sight of the mighty pyramids of Egypt, "Soldiers", forty centuries look down upon you. My friends, let us to-day remember that the good and true who have given their lives in such numbers for the perpetuation of this goverment, and these institutions, today are looking down upon us and admonishing us to be true to the great principles of this republic. There is an old story perhaps familiar to you all. In the ancient Roman times, two Roman matrons were conversing, and with the instinct that even now remains to mothers, of the present day. Their discourse fell upon their jewels, and the visitor asked her hostess that she should show her most valuable jewels, and the mother instead of displaying her pearls and rubies and diamonds, called her three sons and introduced them as her most precious jewels, and if the Old Granite State is called on to exhibit her greatest treasures, she will perhaps exhibit her material wealth, her factories, railroads and farms, but as her choicest jewels, she will show her battered and scarred soldiers of the late war. When these are exhibited, I say to you none will eclipse in brilliancy the brave sons of New Hampshire. When the black cloud of civil war brooded over this land freighted with panic, bloody carnage, and grief stricken homes, the fathers, husbands and brothers, stirred with emotions of true patriotism, left the familiar associations of home to meet the hardships of campfire, the danger of the picket and skirmish line, the slaughter of the battlefield, the terrible suffering from shattered, limbs and poisoned blood, and the indescribable horror of "Rebel Prison Pens." The soil of the Southern States was enriched by the precious blood of thousands, and most of these who returned, today the suffering victims of wounds and diseases which are fast filling up our cemeteries.

What people on this earth can feel that they are so moved to noble deeds for humanity, as this American people, who live under that glorious old flag and tread upon a soil made sacred by the dust of her brave sons. Let it not be understood that I would in the slightest degree make dim the bright record of galantry, chivalry, and patriotism of the honored and remembered dead, or tarnish the unsullied reputation of the living, when I say we are in a large measure indebted for the preservation of our national honor, to the women of this country. Brave comrades can never forgot the missives they received from wives, mothers, sisters, and sweethearts, and they will admit that the soulstirring words contained in them inspired their hearts and nerved their arms for duty; and when at last the angel of peace came and spread her wings over this conflict torn country, how they welcomed us back, and ever since they have been showing to us in many ways that they honor and love those who were willing to make a sacrifice of even life itself that the stars and stripes might float over an undivided country. Let me ask what is the true eloquence of the day set apart for memorial services? Is it the music of bands, the prayers or the in orations? No my friends, the true eloquence is not in any of these; but that which must stir the most serious and noble emotions of the soul. As you witness these ranks, which are being thinned by the silent Reaper, march with measured tread to the resting place of their fallen comrades, and with loving hands, reverently place above the narrow homes the little fluttering flags and wreaths of flowers, those silent acts speak the deepest and truest eloquence. But my friends, I should sadly fail to do a measure of justice to this occasion if I should neglect to speak of this organization which is represented here today, "The Grand Army of The Republic." Founded upon three sublime pillars which time can not corrode or overthrow, Fraternity Charity, and Loyalty. Fraternity without regard to former rank, is the particular foundation stone upon which our order rests. All titles of former rank are dropped in the Grand Army, and the Major General and the privates are simply comrades, and equally entitled to all its privileges and honors. My experience teaches me that the fraternal tie which binds soldiers together is stronger than that of any other human organization. It is nearer and dearer to the heart of man, this tie that was welded in the fire of battle, which has been strengthened at our meeting and in the winter round our camp-fires, as we fought the old battles over again and saw the old scenes and revived the memories of those comrades whose graves we decorate on each returning spring, which makes us more mindful of those they have left to our care and protection, makes us more ready to exercise the second great virtue of charity; a charity that does not sound a trumpet but which seeks out the needy soldiers or the families of those deceased who would rather suffer hunger and cold than call upon the town or city authorities for aid.

There are many more such cases in our midst than people are aware of, and it is only by such a systematic effort as the G. A. R. makes that they can be cared for. They accept gratefully, aid from a comrade, well knowing that none can so truly sympathize with them as those who have marched and fought by the side of their husband or brother. It is worth all the cost to belong to the G. A. R.; to have it proved so many times in the year how much more blessed it is to give than to receive.

And last but not least is *loyalty*. Into our ranks no man on whom the stain of treason rests can come. Bound to no particular party, each member free to speak and act as his own conscience may dictate. We are bound to defend the American Union, honor its Constitution, and obey its laws. Not loyalty to 38 states, but to one country and one flag, the old stars and stripes we fought to live under, and if need be to die under. We have no secrect objects or principles that cannot be known to the world. It is only our forms and ceremonies that are secret.

We have no principles which will in any way interfere with any man's duty to his family, his politics, his religion, or his neighbor.

Comrades, a few closing words to ourselves. Our number is limited and is diminishing year by year. No recruits come to fill up our ranks as we fall out.

Most of us have reached and already passed the medium of life, and many of us are well on the way down the western slope to our setting.

In a few years the camp-fires will have gone out, these memorial anniversaries will be no more on earth.

Then comrades, as our ranks grow thinner, let us close them closer and lean well together in mutual support. Let no comrade feel that he is not supported, but let our glorious record made up of so many sacrifices, be preserved untarnished even to the end even to the last survivor.

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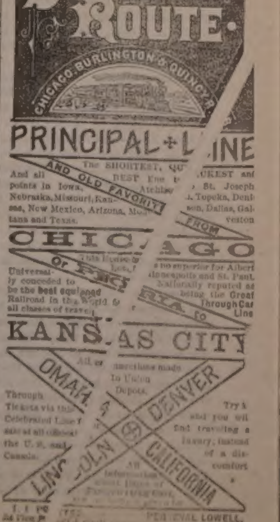
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